

From a Photo by
WHEELER, Weymouth.]

Yours truly,
Thomas Hardy.

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

AN EVENING WITH THOMAS HARDY.

"Do you smoke? You'll find some cigarettes in this box. I have given up smoking myself, and the consequence is that I sometimes forget my friends."

Mrs. Hardy had just left the pink-lighted dining-room of the novelist's house on the outskirts of Dorchester, and we drew up our chairs to the fire preparatory to a chat.

"So you are publishing another volume of short stories, Mr. Hardy," I begin, in allusion to his new book.

"Yes, a collection of those that have appeared in the magazines since the publication of *A Group of Noble Dames*, more than three years ago—about twenty in all. I like doing a short story occasionally, if only as a relief to the tension of writing three-volume novels. In the midst of a book one is chained to one's task, so to speak; even if you are not under contract to finish it by a certain time, the 'fever of composition' is upon you, and nothing can be enjoyed till the last chapter is written."

"But it is sometimes said that a short story requires as great an effort—"

"Yes, I know; and since some promising young men write only short stories, there has been a theory that they require greater art. But to my mind that is absurd. With a short story you have simply one episode to deal with, and it cannot possibly call for as much effort or for more art than a number of incidents standing as cause and effect in their relation to each other."

"In reading *A Group of Noble Dames*, Mr. Hardy, I was greatly struck by the waste of good material. In one story you put the material, as far as plot goes, of a long novel."

"Yes, I suppose I was wasteful. But there, it

doesn't matter, for I have far more material now than I shall ever be able to make use of."

"In note-books?"

"Yes, and in my head. I don't believe in that idea of a man's imaginative powers becoming naturally exhausted; I believe that if he liked, a man could go on writing till his physical strength gave out. Most men exhaust themselves prematurely by something artificial—their manner of living—Scott and Dickens, for example. Victor Hugo, on the other hand, who was so long in exile, and who necessarily lived a very simple life during much of his time, was writing as well as ever till he died at a good old age. So too was Carlyle, if we except his philosophy, the least interesting part of him. The great secret is, perhaps, for a writer to be content with the life he was leading when he made his first success; not to enter into a constantly increasing round of social pleasures and gaiety. Do I? Well, I spend here at least six months of the year, seldom paying a visit anywhere, though I get a good many visitors. I find that in these six months I can do more work than I could in London all the year. Thus I am free to spend the remaining six months as I please—three or four months in London, a month or two at country-houses, in Scotland, or on the Continent."

"I suppose you are still fond of rambling about the country?"

"Well, I am not such a good walker as I was. At one time I thought nothing of twenty or twenty-five miles in a day. Now I am out of training, and could not do half."

Looking closely at the novelist, I can see evidence that a recent severe attack of influenza has rather pulled him down. His face, I should say, always had "the pale cast of thought," with

none of the ruddy colour which is generally produced by residence in the country, and there are lines of experience as well as of thought on the high, open brow. Mr. Hardy's figure, however, of about the medium height, can be seen, as he stands by the fireside, to be lithe and supple, and on the whole he scarcely looks the age with which biographers credit him.

We speak next of Mr. Hardy's essay into dramatic authorship last year. His little play was one of a programme of five, a bad arrangement. Consequently, its run was a short one.

"I was more unfortunate in that matter," says Mr. Hardy, "than you may suppose. I was foolish enough to part with the acting rights of *The Three Wayfarers* for a period of five years, so that there is not much prospect of the thing seeing the light again for some time."

"But shall you not write another play?"

"I don't know that I shall. In my opinion the drama is an inferior form of art, although there are, it is true, greater possibilities in it in one sense, appealing as it does so powerfully and directly to the feelings and emotions. But on the stage you can take such liberties with your characters, bringing about sudden changes in their temperaments and motives that would be ridiculous in a novel; while, on the other hand, you are seriously embarrassed by limitations of time and space. A play which the papers praise as really first-rate ranks in point of art, and, above all, character-drawing, no higher than a second or third-rate novel."

"Then the author is so dependent on the actors and actresses?"

"Yes, they may put into or take out of the play almost as much as the author, not altogether in words, but in characterization. I was much struck with this when conducting the rehearsals of an adaptation of one of my novels some years ago for the stage. And then when I went with Barrie to see his play, *Walker, London*, it was most awkward. I would laugh at some line or other, and say, 'Ah, now, that's good.' 'Oh, that's not mine, that's Toole's,' Barrie would mournfully reply. 'There is a good deal that is fresh since I was here last!'"

"Are you fond of going to the theatre yourself, Mr. Hardy?"

"Oh, my play-going is done in fits and starts. When I am in London or Paris I sometimes go and see two dozen plays in succession, and then perhaps I don't go to a theatre for a year."

"Shall we go into the next room?" exclaims the novelist, observing that I have just thrown my cigarette-end into the glowing embers. We cross a square, softly lighted hall, and enter a large apartment, where Mr. Hardy throws himself on to a couch, and I take a seat by an occasional table, on which are piled some of the

current numbers of the magazines and journals—the *English Illustrated*, *Harper's*, the *Sketch*, *To-Day*, *Longman's*, *Scribner's*, etc., etc.

"What a mass of periodicals come here by the post!" says Mr. Hardy reflectively, as he sways himself on the couch. "And every time I look at a railway book-stall I see many more than I have ever even heard of. Even at a station like Weymouth the other day I saw several that were quite fresh to me."

"Yes, indeed, more and more employment for literary people," I reply lightly.

"Well, I question the advisability of journalism as a training for the literary man. It destroys the spontaneity, I am afraid, of his impressions, leads him to take too professional a view of life. If I had three or four novels before me—one by a journalist, another by an engineer, and another by a farmer—I would back either of the latter against the journalist's for real, genuine interest and freshness. Of course, there is journalistic work of various sorts; a man who was writing the money article or political leaders would probably be able to do imaginative work quite independently of that by which he was earning a livelihood."

"Ah, there is that question of a livelihood to be considered, Mr. Hardy."

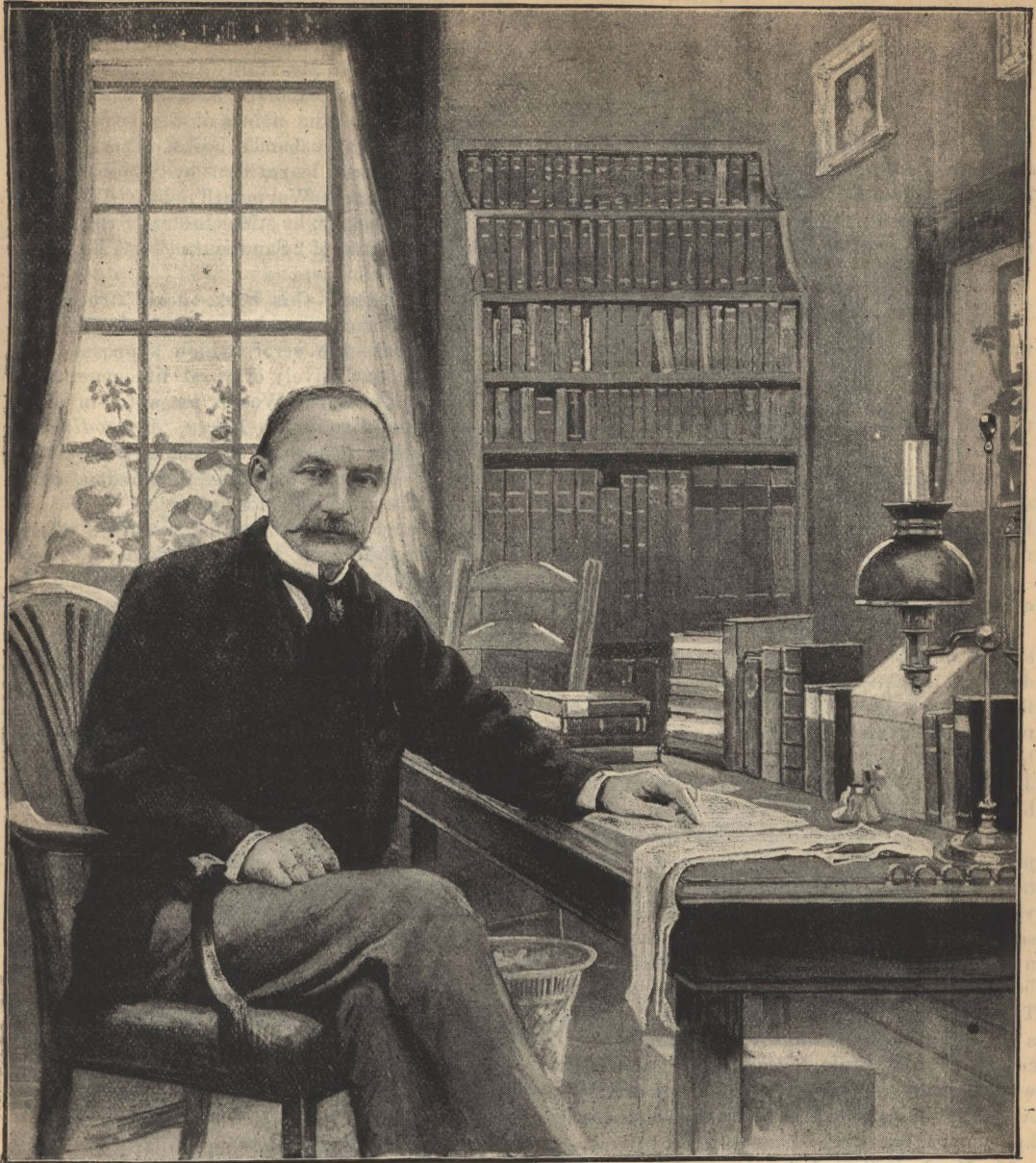
"Yes, there is; the literary man must have the means of support while he is preparing for his work. But some standpoint in a totally independent profession is best, I fancy, for that. Of course, I do not ignore the trade value of journalism to a literary career. One is at a serious disadvantage, from the log-rolling point of view, in starting as I did, quite unknown to the press and the press world. A new author, whose friends are in journalism, naturally finds the way smoothed for him."

"Do you attach much practical importance, then, to criticism?"

"To the new author, certainly; criticism may make or mar his book. I remember, for instance, how the sale of *Desperate Remedies*, which had been fairly good, almost stopped after the appearance of a very severe notice. On the other hand, condemnations of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* had no effect whatever on the popularity of the book."

"*Tess* is wonderfully popular."

"Yes, but the frankness of the book has brought me some asperities, in the shape of letters and reviews mostly. In writing the story I expected such criticism, but the criticism has not come from the people I expected. There have been very few objectors really; in their secret hearts people know there is nothing honestly to object to. As a matter of fact, my tone has been the same in regard to moral questions for the twenty years or more I have been



THOMAS HARDY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

writing. From the very beginning I resolved to speak out. I remember that in the first edition of *Desperate Remedies* there were many passages exhibiting a similar plainness to *Tess*. Some of these were eliminated in the one-volume edition, in deference to my publishers; but I am sorry now that I did so, and if ever the book is included in the uniform edition of my works the old passages shall be restored."

"From whom have these objections to *Tess* chiefly come, Mr. Hardy?"

"I fancy from wives who have played the part

of *Tess* without telling their husbands, and husbands who have played the part of *Alec* without telling their wives. The other day a modest young lady reproached me for having allowed *Tess* to be hanged. Her companion, a fast wife, remarked, 'Ugh, it's a pity, I think, they weren't all hanged!' Some of the religious papers have not been unreasonable, but I am surprised that none of them used a point which was suggested to me the other day, that the tale illustrated the evil that may be done by suddenly destroying a man's faith, as Clare did *Alec's* through *Tess*.

handing on his opinions. But I fear the author was Balaam in that. As a matter of fact, however, *Tess* has been the text of many sermons. See, here is one."

And the novelist handed me the printed copy of a sermon preached by a South London vicar, which had the moral questions raised in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* for its theme. The sermon had been sent to him by its sympathetic author.

Our talk about the clever books of the year led me to interrogate Mr. Hardy about the younger writers generally.

"I think Sarah Grand," said Mr. Hardy, "made the mistake of putting two distinct and independent stories into one book. She has explained to me that originally she had contemplated writing not one, but two novels, with the materials she has used in *The Heavenly Twins*."

Of Barry Pain, he said: "I prefer him in his serious moods; I don't care so much for his humour. Zangwill has made an excellent beginning with *The Children of the Ghetto*."

"But he told me the other day that he did not care to continue writing about Jewish life."

"Indeed, that's very curious, that a man should not care to continue doing what he can do so well. And I should think there's a fine field for such work. Up to the present there has not been a novelist of real Jewish life, for somehow or the other I don't think George Eliot's Jews can be regarded as creatures of flesh and blood."

"As a rule," continued Mr. Hardy, after a pause in our conversation, "I think it is a mistake for a man to begin publishing when he's very young. A man's first efforts are almost sure to be imitative. What was my own beginning? Well, I scribbled from the age of sixteen, but my first book was not published till 1871. The first thing of mine which saw the light was a short paper in *Chambers' Journal*, which I called, 'How I Built Myself a House,' written when I was still designing churches with Sir Arthur Blomfield, whose portrait, by the way, hangs over there."

Mr. Hardy indicated the engraved picture of a fine, intellectual-looking old man, which hangs by the side of the overmantel. "It was a fine school," adds Mr. Hardy, "the school of Street, R.A., and others, who were really artists just awakening and feeling their way: and though they were all wrong, their stage of thought was one that it was necessary to pass through. There are architects and architects, of course; some who are true artists, others who can be better described as builders."

Of Mrs. Hardy's artistic talent, the walls of Max Gate give evidence in the shape of various water-colour sketches of rural scenes. In the

drawing-room, too, there is a most interesting series of pictures by Herkomer, Du Maurier, Strang, and Alfred Parsons—the originals of the illustrations in Mr. Hardy's novels.

Mrs. Hardy showed me a book in which she keeps a record of the names of the people and the places in her husband's books. From these interesting notes I learnt that by "Budmouth," Mr. Hardy means Weymouth; by "Winton-caster," Winchester; by "Melchester," Salisbury; while the original of "Sandbourne" was Bourne-mouth.

Looking through this book, one is struck by the error of a common conception of Thomas Hardy's work—the error which supposes his books to be exclusively of rural life generally, and of the life of the Wessex peasantry in particular. In *Two on a Tower*, *A Laodicean*, and *Desperate Remedies*, one comes across the names of different localities in London, and towns on the Continent, for example.

"It is curious," the novelist remarks, when I have finished with Mrs. Hardy's book, "how differently people regard the use I have made of their ancestors or of their ancestral residences. At a dinner-party, the lady I have taken into the room has asked me if I could not put her house into my next book, while other people have been angry because I have done so."

"I suppose most of your knowledge of these old romances in *A Group of Noble Dames* is gained from hearsay, not from printed records?"

"Nearly all. In this story of *The Countess of Wessex*, the only fact which can be learned from the records—and it was this, of course, which first attracted my attention—is that the child was married at that age. That is given in the usual way; born in such a year, married at another date, twelve years later. The other facts in the story have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. It is a singular fact that I am personally acquainted with eight ladies who are her direct descendants, and they are nearly all as piquant as she."

Tess of the D'Urbervilles is similarly founded on events which actually happened in a family which is now living, although some of the novelist's indignant correspondents are quite unaware of the fact. The old house of the D'Urbervilles, for example, in which Tess makes her confession on the day of her marriage with Angel Clare, is but ten miles from Max Gate. It is known, not as "Wellbridge House," but as Woolbridge House.

One cannot fail to observe, in the course of a talk with Thomas Hardy, how deep is his attachment to the scenes he has described so well, how keen his appreciation of the sentiment which clings to many of the old aspects and disappear-

ing customs of rural life in Wessex. Helaments, for one thing, the abolition of the old choirs in the village churches, in respect to which, as many will remember, there is so pathetic a story in *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

Mr. Hardy is not a little interested in the evidences of the Roman occupation which the district of Dorchester affords. From the garden around his own house he has taken a goodly collection of stones, coins, and other relics of the Roman period. Among the most curious things in a box which is brought into the room for my inspection, is a Roman lady's fibula.

"It is the duplicate of one which they have in

The stones were then taken to the Museum, but as it is only a small building, they were found to be in the way there, and the question arose, 'What is to be done with them?' The committee interviewed the house-owner, and asked him to allow the doorway to be put back again in its original position. He agreed to this after some demur, on our agreeing to pay all the expenses."

Max Gate is so named from an old toll-house which stood at the Fordington end of Dorchester, quite close to the spot where Mr. Hardy seven years ago built his house as a "writing-box." The house is not very large, nor of pretentious



MAX GATE: THOMAS HARDY'S HOME NEAR DORCHESTER.

the British Museum," explains Mr. Hardy, as I examine the time-worn jewel. "There it is described as a 'cloak-fastener.' But this, I think, must be an error, for I took this from a female skull, where it had evidently fastened a band around the head." Some of his prizes Mr. Hardy has sent to the Dorchester Museum, the committee of which institution has the honour of numbering him among its members.

"Few people in Dorchester, I am afraid, think much of the memorials of the town's past. Some-time ago a shopkeeper, in making some alterations, pulled down an old Gothic doorway, and it would have been carted away with other 'rubbish,' had it not been discovered in time.

design, but standing on high ground, it is swept by healthful breezes, and is it not in the midst of the country in which the novelist's ancestors held land and exercised feudal sway, and from which he has drawn so rich a harvest of romance and fancy? Walking from Max Gate to the railway station at the other end of the town, one easily recognises the "Caster-bridge" of which Mr. Henchard was Mayor; and in the train, beginning the journey back to London, one sees it as it is described in the novel, "an indistinct mass behind a dense stockade of limes and chestnuts, set in the midst of rotund down and concave field."

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE MAKING OF PAUL.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

By DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.

THE early manhood of the "young man named Saul" ranks in interest, suggestiveness, and importance next to the early manhood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though the "least of the apostles," he is the most distinguished of the servants of the Founder of Christianity. He is His chief missionary; he holds the primary place amongst the expositors of His revelation, and is the first and most prolific contributor to that marvel of literature the New Testament. From him the most aggressive and abiding, if not the first Christian societies derive their origin; and he is the man to whom more than to any one else, except Christ Himself, it is due that the pure gospel stream of truth and life was not lost in the quicksands of Jewish superstition, sacerdotalism, and selfishness, and at length became the free and true, strong and universal religion of mankind.

1. The making of this remarkable man is revealed to us in six photographs; taken at different times, some by himself, others by the evangelist Luke.¹ They are small, but they mark the successive stages of his growth, and suggest the formative energies operative at the chief epochs of his career. In two of them, the latch of the door of his home at Tarsus is lifted, and we are enabled to see his family surroundings. It is a Jew's home; ruled by the Jew's book, illumined by the Jew's religion, brightened by the Jew's hope, and dignified by the Jew's conquering sense of primary relationship to the Eternal God.

The young man starts with the inestimable advantage of belonging to a godly stock. He is of the race of Israel; and he knows it, is proud of it, and feels that it means something of responsibility and of privilege. Though born away yonder in the city of Tarsus, that is not his true home, his native land. He is of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. In his make there is a susceptibility to enthusiasm and religion. He is a lad of character; carries a nature that can glow: a soul awake to the Godward side of life. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and some homes, instead of clouding the divine treasures, disclose their worth and beauty. "Great natures," Froude tells us, "tend to serious thoughts of life and duty." Luther's did in his boyhood. Jesus felt He "must be about His Father's business" before He was twelve years of age. So the nature of young Saul, rich in energy,

insight, and will, responded to the religious influences that he breathed first in his home, and subsequently in the school of Gamaliel; and he grew up, not only "instructed" in the things that belonged to the great spiritual aristocracy of Israel, but drilled, after the habit of Jewish lads, in the practical processes of a trade—the trade of "tent making"—baptized in the traditions of his people, fired with passionate ritualistic zeal, daring in his ambitions, and strong in faith in God and in the reality of the spiritual world.

But there is a moral chemistry working so mysteriously in our young lives that we cannot trace its movements. It is there, and it is almost resistless; but we know it not. The Hebrew home of Saul was in touch with the literature of Greece, and the civilization of Rome. The broad-minded Gamaliel was the accepted and preferred, but not the only teacher. The broadening effect of the wider life of Athens, and of the ordered life of the Eternal City, could not be shut out; and though he knew it not, these forces were co-operating with his ancestral religion to make him the large-hearted, catholic-spirited thinker and worker he afterwards became. It is most likely Greek culture only touched the surface of his nature. A thoroughly classic training cannot be claimed for Saul. His references to the Greek poets are few; and it is more than probable he picked up his knowledge of them in the streets, and not in the schools or the university of Tarsus. But the power was there; and though the rabbinic methods and sacerdotal spirit of Judaism so effectually suppressed it that it seems to have had no influence in forming the habits of his mind and character, and left him, as he says, extremely devoted to Judaism even beyond many of his contemporaries, yet it was latent, waiting to make itself manifest in the day of his freedom. Young Saul thus gains a fine start in the race of life. He is a lad of character, endowed with high-pressure energy and fire, capable of projecting his whole soul into any enterprise he takes up. He is in touch with the best sources of knowledge. He knows the Old Testament: it is his text-book; his repertory of facts and arguments, and his fountain of inspiration. He sits at the feet of the ablest teacher living, and is arrested by, and invested with the forces working at the heart of the three chief civilizations of the world—the Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew. Moreover, he is born at the dawn of the new era in the history of the world. He is nearly of the

¹ (1) Acts vii. 58; (2) xxii. 3; (3) xxvi. 4, 5; (4) Galatians i. 13, 15; (5) Philippians iii. 5; (6) Romans vii.

age of Jesus, reared in similar ways, and prepared to accept His ideas and express them in the terms of his long and various experience, so that they may reach and regenerate all the sons of men.

Young men, you cannot estimate at too high a figure the value of your religious homes. Fortunate beyond measure is he who sits day by day in the seat of the godly, and feels the plastic energies of loving friends moulding character according to the image of Jesus Christ. Review your debt and quicken your gratitude.

2. But what is it that is central to the life of Saul as a young man; that is the soul of his soul, the basic element or bed-rock of his character?

It is soon seen if we dig through the strata deposited by the civilizations of Judæa and Rome, by the schools of Gamaliel and of home, for we come to something more solid than Greek learning, more imperial than the Roman sceptre, and more penetrating than the Hebrew law, even to the granite of integrity, to the abiding element of principle. It is this *conscientiousness* which precedes his Christianity, and abides through all his changes; not less when he is a devoted and persecuting Pharisee than when he is a mellow and matured saint of Christianity. It is the main source of his strength. "I verily thought within myself," indeed it was my deliberate conviction, "that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." "I ought." That stamps the man. Duty is sovereign. He does not ask, ought I to seek the right and do it? That is undoubted. He must love and follow the worthiest when he sees it. Even when he consents to share other people's wrongs, and enters into partnership with evil, and stands by the clothes of those who are putting Stephen to death, he thinks he is right, and is not consciously giving the flower of his youth to wicked ways. He was a partner in the murder of the brave and eloquent deacon: and he was guilty as such; but he was conscientious. He headed a crusade against the disciples, "was injurious and a blasphemer"; but he did it ignorantly, and with the conviction that he was doing what was right, and therefore he did not damage his own nature as he would have done by conscious and open-eyed sin. "Herein I exercise myself to have a conscience void of offence both towards God and man." His eye is on right conduct. He hates wrong. He is a rigid moralist. He is resolutely sincere. He keeps himself from youthful lusts. The temptations of Tarsus and Jerusalem are resisted with energy, and vanquished. He has convictions about behaviour, knows them thoroughly, defines them sharply, cherishes them warmly, and shapes his action absolutely by them, never turning to the right

hand at the bidding of gain, or to the left in dread of loss.

Here is the strength of the young man, and the pledge of a victorious future. Devotion to principle compensates for lack of knowledge. Fidelity to conscience goes for more than the highest intellectual culture in the making of manhood. It is in the conscience God and man are most likely to meet. To keep that right is like keeping the electric wire sound in the cable, the heart whole in the living body. Yield to wrong, and you are lost. Suffer your robes to be spotted by the world, in the full light of intelligence, and your nature is corrupted and your future mortgaged. Augustine, dyed through and through with the vices of his youth, lost his early manhood. Paul maintained unbroken loyalty to the fine ideals of home and of religion; and in the preservation of his conscience saved his life, and created his future.

3. Another shaping force in the making of Saul is his *courage*. Some men are conscientious but inactive. They prefer the right, and even seek it; but they do not fight for it, will not suffer to make it strong, and give it entrance into all men's lives. They exercise themselves even to a painful and irritating degree to have a conscience void of offence; but they lack the bold intrepidity, the chivalrous daring, the fine executive quality of courage. Paul had heart as well as backbone, and venture not less than conviction; he was willing to suffer for his convictions, as well as to state them; would go wherever they led him, with a promptitude that lost neither time nor strength, and with an indomitable pluck that compelled success. "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." "*Immediately*" is as much a Pauline word as is "ought," and as clear and significant a "note" of his character. He does at once what he sees ought to be done. Parleying is excluded. The time to do the right thing is *now*, and so he is not disobedient to the heavenly vision. A man so fearless and independent, so resolute and determined, so selfless and consecrated, must free himself from the prejudices that curtained his cradle in his Pharisaic home, and escape, though not without gigantic efforts, from the fires lit by the fanatical intolerance of Jerusalem, and discover, sooner rather than later, the best truth, goodness, and beauty that can be found of mortal men. If "the Holy Grail" exists, here is the King Arthur who will track it to its hiding-place. Should Jesus Himself, the true, the good, and the altogether lovely, appear to Saul of Tarsus, he will know Him, and his word will be, "Lord Jesus, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

4. At one point in his history of the Churches, Luke halts to tell us that the apostle who had been known as Saul was

henceforward to be known as Paul. The name was new, for the man was new; new in the sense that a fresh and conquering force came into his making, giving him a new revelation, a new vocation, a new goal, and a new energy. He was *converted*, that is, in Biblical language, he had "converted or turned himself" towards a new Master, accepted a new guide, and taken a new path in life.

That was the re-making of Saul of Tarsus. Old things passed away, all things became new: for he saw Jesus—saw Him as He really is in the heart of Him, for the first time; trusted Him, understood Him, served Him; and He, Jesus, was made to him "wisdom," that is, "righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

To the superficial reader it may seem that Saul passed from Judaism to Christianity as easily and swiftly as he changed his name. But it was not so, in fact. The fight for the old faith was long, and the resistance to the new religion was sustained, bitter, strenuous, and vehement; and the fight with his conscience, with his inherited and long-cherished conceptions of duty, was not less severe, and far more painful. He knew the young man's sense of defeat. His best aspirations had been beaten back by the strong winds of passion and natural impulses, till he had lost heart and cried in a paroxysm of despair, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" But he triumphed in both encounters: won the new faith as against the Jewish system of thought and life, and obtained the new life in exchange for his sinful and defeated and despairing self. Rejoicingly he exclaimed, "I thank God that the dead, inert load is removed by Jesus Christ our Lord." The moral struggle was ended, and he was victor; though in himself and of himself impotent, yet through Christ he was able to do all things.

So Christ Himself makes the new man. There is a beautiful legend of the Apostle Paul standing at the grave of Virgil, and exclaiming, in a burst of admiration of the great poet's gifts, and of regret that they had not come under the quickening spell of his Saviour: "Oh! Virgil, what would I not have made thee if only I had found thee living!" Jesus found Paul living; living an earnest, sincere, bold, and religious life, but dissatisfied, despairing, restless, and hopeless; and He made him a new creation. Paul is His work, and it is a new work. That is the radical, undeniable fact. Paul is a new man in Christ Jesus. Some men have claimed him as the real creator of Christianity. It is not surprising that some men who study his wonderful influence, and that only, should reach such a conclusion. His power has been enormous; but if they will go deeper, they will soon find

it is the Creator of Christianity who recreates Paul, not by destroying the old conscientiousness, the splendid courage, the alert mind, the surrendered will, and the devout heart, but by making him master of himself, and of all his faculties, delivering him from the tyranny of law and the leaden oppressions of despair, and bringing to his heart the peace and joy of God, and to his mind the reconciling and renewing revelation of God in Christ.

But He who remakes the man, recreates his faith. The man made new in Christ Jesus cannot be content with the philosophy and religion of the law and the prophets, but must receive of the fulness of Christ, and truth upon truth, as well as grace upon grace. The Jewish conception of the pardon of sin and peace with God does not stand alone; and if Paul finds a deliverance from sin by Christ which he could not find by the law, he must needs receive the principles of divine revelation on which that manifestation of mercy proceeds. Thus there is given the new philosophy of life and redemption, on which the faith and hope of the Christian world is built.

5. Such a spiritual and intellectual revolution not only needed time, but complete *consecration* of spirit, calm reflection on its meaning and issues, and sustained communion with the Saviour who had inspired it, in order that the man who was the subject of it might preserve a true course, and realize the greatest advantage.

Therefore it is not surprising that Paul felt the impulse operating strongly within him to search the depths of his heart and weigh the contents of his new and strange experiences, and at once resolved to go into the deserts of Arabia, that in perfect seclusion he might qualify himself for the great work of his life. Eight years came between Saul on the road to Damascus and Paul rejoicing to respond to the wish of Barnabas to visit the Christians at Antioch. It was a long time; but leisure, solitude, freedom from intrusive thought and care are essential to the nourishment of high aims, the readjustment and harmonizing of new and old truths, the acquisition of sustained and invincible strength. Moses, Elijah, John the Baptist, and Jesus Himself, are leaders who vindicate the policy of Paul in consecrating himself to meditation in the valley of silence; so that he might re-arrange his thoughts, set in their true order the revelations given by Jesus, and the teachings of the law and the prophets, and find the terms in which he could so express the Gospel to Jew and Gentile that they should discover in it the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Thus Paul, starting with a richly gifted

nature, is educated amid the quickening severities of Hebraism, shares the manifold gains of the complex Tarsian civilization, and is drilled in the details and fired with the hopes of Jewish Rabbinism. Inflexibly faithful in conscience, and always bold as a lion and prompt as a hero, he, in the service of his religion, meets with Jesus, who remakes

him in righteousness and true holiness, and wins from him a devotion that knows no break, a loyalty without stint, and a service that finds fitting description in the words :—

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed :
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

THIS is the story of a man and woman, which I feel myself all unworthy to tell, for none but a poet could worthily sing it to the people. But I alone, to this day, knew it. Hereafter a singer may immortalize it and himself.

I left England late in the autumn of '88 to study Indian politics on the spot, so my friends were led to believe; in reality, because I was sick of England. I promised myself I would see it no more.

When I left home, Basil Pentage and Madeleine Orest were courting. They were friends of mine; Pentage had rowed bow to my Number 7 in a certain boat on the doings of which the whole civilized world hung breathless, it gratified us to believe. We were intimate in London, and it was at my mother's that Pentage first met Madeleine. I said Madeleine was my friend. I left England because of it, and I think no one knew that my eyes had another light in them.

I saw what I had done that afternoon when I introduced Pentage to her, and called myself a fool. A week or two later, Pentage came to me—the fellow who was known as "Old Sang-froid" at Cambridge—blushing and grinning like a half-formed school-girl, to tell me how he blessed the day I had asked him to our garden party.

"When did you propose?" I asked curtly.

"Good heavens, man! Who told you?"

"Pentage, old fellow," I said, with a vicious use of cold water, "you are a fine man in flannels; but if you imagine you've been acting more sanely than any other man in love, you're mistaken. The nerves, even of a demi-god, are simply pulverized by love. However, I wish you luck, for she's a good girl."

His face had been lengthening, but a grin pulled it up again at the last sentence.

"So she is, my boy—the dearest, best, truest-hearted creature in the world. I tell you, I've known a good many; but there never was such a girl born, nor ever will be. Why, when I come to think that I have won—but what can you understand about it?" he broke off petulantly, as he saw my pitying smile.

It was an indescribable idyll of innocence

and artlessness those two played for us all through the summer and autumn; we were refreshed and amused even in the hottest of a hot July. All the same, we were agreed that here, at last, was the sort of love that can stand firm amid the shocks of matrimony.

I left England in November; in February they were to wed. Pentage was in bad odour that November; he was the best three-quarter back in London, and yet the fellow refused to take his place and lived on Concerts and At Homes and foolery of that sort every day in the week.

A letter, a slice of bridecake, and Madeleine's "kind remembrances" came in March from Pentage, honeymooning in Algeria. That letter was the most violent outrage on common-sense ever penned. If I had answered it offhand, I should have made him an enemy for ever.

At intervals my mother, sister, and Somers, Wellens and Picting fired off letters at me, packed to the full with accounts of the Ideal Union. The three latter were quite reconciled to marriage now; they were looking diligently for the proper sort of girl.

Somehow these epistles did not comfort me, and India in its heat offering itself as a scape-goat, I denounced it and insulted it, then fled to Sydney, leaving no address.

* * *

A year later I had several spasms of homesickness, and took the proper remedy. I was glad to find, when I reached home, that the Ideal Union was no longer a miracle to my friends. So I accepted Madeleine's invitation to dinner.

"So pleased to see you, Mr. Westland," said Madeleine. "Basil is not come yet; you must please excuse him. And how are you after your long absence?"

There was a fine baby nearly two months old, and Mrs. Pentage had had a bad time. She looked far from well then; her features were sharp, and her eyes aweary.

"How is Basil?" I asked.

"He's overworking himself, Mr. Westland, and, consequently, unwell. He seems to be working from morning till night, and it makes him quite irritable. I wish he would go away

*

for a change, but he always says that work is too pressing."

"And the baby?"

Everybody knows a mother with her first baby. I was fetched, and I was suffering keenly, when Pentage came in and relieved me.

He did look weary; his voice was tired, and he walked listlessly.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said in answer to my question; "but I've had a day of it. Is dinner ready, Madeleine?"

"Yes; we were only waiting for you."

"Then I'll not be five minutes."

Madeleine looked at me, but I was deeply interested in an album. Albums are not common in India, I took care to explain. As we went down to dinner, I began asking myself conundrums which I dared not answer.

"Let's hear about India and all the lively East," Pentage began.

"England first," I said.

"Oh, hang England!—dull as ditch-water."

"Why, I thought you had unlocked all the wonders of creation," I said jauntily, "and were bursting to tell me." When I looked at them, I wished another fool had hit me on the mouth.

"Oh, stow that," he said roughly. "Baby talk will keep. I thought we were to have salmon to-day," he continued, turning to his wife.

"The fishmonger did not send it in time," she answered, in a tone that brought my Hindoo servant before my eyes.

"Humph!" he growled. "Make the best of this turbot, Westland."

"Thank you," I answered coldly; "I prefer turbot. This is delicious."

"Luck is kind to you, then," he said with a covert sneer, applying himself to the wine, of which he drank about six times too much. When I refused to keep pace with him, he sneeringly asked if I had turned teetotaler.

My temper was steadily rising, and my hands tingled. So this was the idyll we had made merry about.

He was called out during dessert, or rather wine-gulping, to see a visitor, and I saw that the whilom athlete walked with a stoop and shamble. I devoted myself to peeling an apple scientifically while he was gone, but at last I was bound to say something. "What sort of a place have you in the New Forest?" I asked her.

Our eyes met for the tenth of a second. I felt a brute even to have seen the unutterable shame in hers.

"A pleasant country house surrounded by trees—that is—a very nice place." And she rushed out, muttering something about "baby."

Presently Pentage came back. "Madeleine gone?"

"Yes; she begged to be excused to see to——"

"Oh—the baby. We'll go to my snugery and have a talk."

I should have gone home but for the woman's sake; as it was, I followed him without a word. He went straight to a cabinet and swallowed off a glass of raw brandy, and then placed the bottle on the table.

"Have a cigar, old man?" he said, with a ghastly attempt at goodfellowship. "My taste is pretty good still."

"Thank you," said I coldly; "I've some cheroots here; I prefer them."

"Well, ask a fellow to have one with you, then."

I threw the case across to him. He was sensible of my behaviour, I could see. That was why he took another dose of brandy, I suppose. He added a spoonful of water this time.

"What will you have," he asked—"spirits or wine? I have a good champagne here."

"Nothing at present, thank you."

"Oh, hang it, man!" he cried angrily; "be agreeable;" and he went to the cabinet again. His hand, I observed, was trembling—the fellow who'd held a penny between his finger and thumb scores of times for Kestrel's revolver practice. The man would be in his grave in six months. I got up to go while he was fumbling for the wine, but sat down again. I would sit it out, but I would not be caught again.

"Good?" he asked, as I tasted the wine, filling himself a glass.

"Capital," I said, and then leaned back watching the smoke curl.

"Confound it, Westland," said Pentage half-angrily, half-whimperingly, after a pause in which he had fortified himself again. "You are sociable! What is it—a love affair, or Eastern manners?"

"Western manners," I said.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'll speak as an old friend," I said; "and that's the matter, for one thing." I pointed to his trembling hand just held out for the bottle.

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked blusteringly.

"And another thing, if you really want to know my meaning, is the breaking or broken heart downstairs. Good heavens, Pentage, you're the man that was pointed out as a model!"

His hand shook from another cause now. He drank again, and then tried to carry it off with sneers.

"Westland, my boy, you've come back a Sir Galahad, haven't you? If I remember, you weren't such a dram-hater nor stickler for domestic sentiments in the old days. Drop it, old fellow, as a favour."

I got up. "I must be going, Pentage. Good-bye." And I held out my hand.

I shall never forget the look he gave me. I could not stand it, and made one last effort.

"Old fellow," I said, "what is it?"

"Bert," he cried, "you wouldn't leave a friend like that. Bert—"

I stood still, and said nothing. For a few moments nothing was said. Then he spoke.

"Bert, old fellow, for the love of God and old times, stand by me. Sit down, and I'll tell you."

I did so. Suddenly he went and locked the door, and, crossing to me, threw himself down, his head on my knees, and burst into a passion of dry, choking sobs.

"For Heaven's sake, Pentage, what is it?" I cried, when I found my tongue.

"Let me have it out, Bert, let me. I shall be better presently."

I sat silent, and presently he got up and began pacing the room.

"I didn't mean to tell a soul, Bert," he began in a low, hoarse voice; "but you forced my secret. I know what you felt downstairs. Every nerve in me tingles to let it out, but the brandy has helped me to hold it.



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN
AND BURST INTO A PASSION OF DRY, CHOKING SOBS."

"My wife, Bert, is an angel; I didn't know how much till we were married. She loves me, body, soul, and spirit. My Madeleine! My Madeleine!"

"Six or seven weeks ago I didn't feel well—the first time that I can remember—so I went to Tomieson, and told him in a joking sort of way I felt out of sorts, and wanted a pill. He examined me back and front. Then he looked at me in a dreamy sort of way, I thought.

"I suppose, doctor," I said, 'you were wondering what on earth made a lusty fellow like me trouble you.'

"You were at Oxford with my son?" says he. "Pentage the oarsman he used to swear by."

"I nodded.

"Then," says he, 'I take it you are a brave man. Pentage, my poor fellow, I pronounce sentence of death. You have not three months to live.'

"I think I showed my nerve; and Tomieson was very kind. 'Madeleine! Madeleine!' I cried aloud at last.

"God pity her," says Tomieson.

"He began questioning me. It is cancer in the stomach, he told me, and probably the result of that kick I had in the '84 match. You remember, Bert, the kick we joked about. Just think of it!"

"Doctor," I said, 'this is between you and me; not another soul must know it.'

"As you wish," he said; 'but your wife—'

"She above everybody, no."

"Be careful of intoxicants," were his parting words.

"I needed my courage, Bert. Think what a fight it is—and forgive me a little. I had to keep my very looks hidden from her. How could I let her see me dying for three months? Thank God, she has not the faintest suspicion of the truth!"

"Ten thousand devils are always at my elbow, calling on me to tell her. I couldn't hold out but for brandy. I have to drink all day, and even in the night. Often I don't go to bed, for fear I should blurt out something in my sleep. I have to be rough with her, to put her off the scent. What that has cost me—to be rough with Madeleine!"

I went and took his hand. I could not speak; but he looked at me—and understood.

"The pain of the cancer is like hell let loose at times, and only brandy for it, and only brandy to drown

the thought of Madeleine. I am to die; but, God helping me, I'll die game, and spare her. I couldn't tell her. Could you kill the woman you loved by slow inches,—could you, Bert?"

We were pacing the room, his hand on my shoulder, and mine clasping it.

"Pentage, I'm only a man. May God forgive me this night."

"There's nothing to forgive. All the others forsook me, but I couldn't let you go too."

"Wouldn't it have been better to tell her?" I asked. "She thinks you have become a brute; but if she knew——"

"No, old fellow; no. When the blow falls, it will stun her. But if I had told her, she would have been dying every second. I am causing her agony now, but what is that to the other? . . .

I would have taken my life long ago, but for the cowardice and the shame. . . . The brandy will finish me off sooner, but I must have it. . . ."

What else passed between us is very precious and very sacred to me. I sat with him till day-break, and thereafter spent the whole of each day with him.

* * *

He died the following week. Twenty-four hours previously the truth came out in the way he feared. In his sleep he rehearsed the scene with the doctor, and snatches of the talk with me. The truth flashed across Madeleine. She woke him, and told him what she knew. What passed, belongs to her and the dead.

FROM AGNUS.

THE IDEALS OF YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

I.—THE ATHLETE.

I SUPPOSE every rightly constituted being has a hankering after physical strength. We came into the world little, soft, pulpy things, and if ever we are to be more than that, the pulpiness must be worked up and kneaded into toughness. After all, the basis of life here is physical power. This may not be forced on our notice quite so readily or so rudely as on the savage, but it is there. Between us and the wild beast—the wild beast in man, or the wild beast of the forest or jungle—we interpose armies and navies, judges, magistrates, and police. Let anarchy, however, break loose for a day, and peaceable shopkeepers behind their shutters, and quiet citizens summoned for "emergency men" wake up with surprise to find how thin the veil of civilization was which had stood between them and the old rude law of might being right.

What is true of the community is true of the individual. It is not true, however, that health means happiness. That is a matter of mind and morals rather than of thews and sinews. Some of the weakest men and women have been the happiest, while sundry Samsons have been peevish, wretched, miserable. Still, so long as soul and body are textured as closely together as they are, the general rule will hold good that a sound mind will be all the better for being in a sound body.

Details about working one's self into good "condition" would here be out of place. Books on training are cheap enough and abundant enough. On four main requisites only would I say a word.

Sleep is the first of these. Take as much as

you can get. The old rule about six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a child, and nine for a fool, sounds very smart, but, like many other smart things, it doesn't go deep. In these days, when the pressure of life is keener, and nerve-exhaustion more frequent than when the world moved slower, and men lived more in the open air, they are few indeed who can do with less than eight hours' sleep. Take all you can get, but do not misunderstand. Nature will *give* you all you need, and then will wake you up. That is the time to turn out. In dozing and lazing beyond that point you are taking what was never given you, and are only frustrating Nature's efforts to bring you to regular and refreshing habits of rest.

Cleanliness comes next. Winter and summer, tepid or cold, by the orthodox bath or the basin and towel, as soon think of going forth with your face unwashed as your body, if you would hope to face the day's work with spring and brightness.

Then *food*. The simplest is the best. For as many poor souls as there are in the world who suffer from having too little, there are more who suffer from eating too much. It is not what we eat, but what we assimilate, which goes to give strength. Weston, who walked 5,000 miles in 100 days, lived on the plain fare of a labouring man, and Louis Cyr, perhaps the strongest man existing, is equally homely and frugal in his diet. Nor would either of these touch stimulants. No man in health needs them, and no man keeps his health for long who tampers with them.

We may call these the three passive needs of

the flesh—sleep, cleanliness, and temperate diet. The fourth is *exercise*. About this it is sufficient to remember the great principle on which all healthy exercise proceeds—the calling into play of the parts which have been resting, and the resting of the parts that have been working. It would be foolish to advise a postman to take a walk, but it might be wisdom to advise him to take a swim. Are you seated at a desk all day? Then walk to and from your office at a good swinging pace. Are you on your feet all day? In rowing or bicycling is your change.

Only don't overdo it. All the rage at present is for breaking records, and because somebody has run 200 yards in twenty seconds, or walked a mile in six minutes, somebody else must feel life a burden, and stuffed with sawdust, if he can't outdo this, and so sets up incipient heart-disease. Feats of this sort call for such prolonged and special training as not one in ten thousand has time or opportunity to take. Keep your eye on the fact that you may show more strength—strength of mind and strength of will—by daring to stop than by daring to go on. Once the fatigue point has been reached, all exercise ceases to be helpful, and becomes harmful only.

This hint about the moral courage required to desist when the spirit of emulation would urge us to go on, touches the very core of athletics. When we use the word "athlete" we commonly think of a huge figure, bulging all over with muscles and sinews. That, however, is not what the word implies. In its Greek air it simply meant one who engaged in a contest. This makes the scope of the word fall over the whole

condition of our life. Struggle and conflict here enter into everything, and there is no virtue, no excellence, no quality, good and desirable, to be gained without them. The first of these pitched fights must be with ourselves—against our own indolence, selfishness, and love of the pleasant rather than the dutiful. Till we have "had it out" with ourselves about these things, we are only beating the air. The body is good; God made it, and Christ is called the "Saviour of the body"; but after all it is only the machine through which the spirit must act. Perfect the machinery all you can, for the easier it runs, the better its work will be done, but the value of a machine must ever lie, not in itself, but in what it does. Cultivate the body for the body's sake alone, and you are only putting yourself into competition with the ox. Cultivate it, however, as an ally to help you to that which age cannot wither, nor death destroy, and by your very pastimes you will be working out—even through the flesh—the gospel of the spirit. For every victory won on the one field makes for triumph on the other. You never yet climbed a steep mountain with toil and effort, but you found yourself strangely strengthened to resist and overcome the moral temptations which had been assailing you, and you never, on the other hand, indulged the body, and let your love of ease overmaster you, but in some way you found your moral fibre relaxing too, and your better visions of life becoming dimmer. We are all of a piece, body and soul, and to the end these must act and react on each other. Neglect neither; be an athlete, but let your first and greatest struggles be for the conquest of yourself.

SHALL WE SEE YOU AT GRINDELWALD?

We are arranging a very attractive programme for our Summer Gathering in Switzerland. The inaugural address will be delivered by Sir B. W. Richardson on "How to Make the Most of Life"; Sir Robert Ball will give two lectures, and Mrs. Fenwick Miller is to read a paper on "America and the Americans." There will be sermons and addresses by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. C. A. Berry, Rev. Dr. Lunn, Rev. W. J. Dawson, etc.; an illustrated lecture on "Interviewing and Interviewers," by Mr. Harry How, the interviewer of the *Strand* magazine; "A Talk about Books," by Mr. Edmund Gosse; three lectures by Mr. Edward Whymper, author of *Scrambles amongst the Alps*; a paper by Miss Friederichs (of the *Westminster Gazette*) on "My Experiences as a Lady Journalist"; and concerts and receptions twice a week, in which the Misses Edith and Dora Tulloch and other well-known artists will take part. Mrs. Mary Davies hopes to sing at four of the concerts.

The gathering will be held at Grindelwald, which is the finest mountaineering centre in Switzerland, and is surrounded by the grandest snow-clad mountains. Parties will leave London every Tuesday and Friday from June 29 to September 14, and for ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket from London (first-class on boat), seven days' full hotel accommodation at Grindelwald, and three days in Lucerne. Or the last three days may be devoted to other supplementary tours. All tickets will be available to return any time within forty-five days.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who joined one of our parties last summer, writes: "We had a most delightful trip, and feel all the better for it. It was something we shall always look back to with pleasure." Further particulars can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C. The hotel accommodation is extremely limited, and we would urge our readers to book as soon as possible.

MY FIRST SERMON.

III.—By W. J. DAWSON.

IF I am required to state only the circumstances under which my first sermon was delivered, that could be done in a couple of sentences, but the recital would be of little interest to the reader. As I understand the question, however, it involves, or may involve, a good deal more than a bald statement of dates and places: it is really a chapter of autobiography, which may be suggestive of much.

How does a lad take it into his head to preach at all? Well, in the first place, my father was a minister, and it is natural to emulate your father. I heard sermons from a child, and soon began to take a certain æsthetic interest in their excellence. My father moved in the humblest ways of a great ministry, never lived in a large town or city, never took more than a stipend that only just touched "the living wage" standard, and which in the hard times of war and cholera sank very much below it. But not the less he held a high view of the work of preaching, and never allowed himself to forget his ideal. Long after the house was still on Saturday nights my father's light burned, and his step could be heard in the study. Midnight had passed before that light was extinguished, and the preparations for the morrow were deemed complete. When I reflect that these sermons, prepared with such conscientious care, were preached in out-of-the-way places, for the most part to scattered rustic audiences, I feel a new thrill of reverence for my father's memory. It is one of the rarest things in life to find a man who does his best upon a poor stage, and who does not slacken his efforts when he discovers that there is little or no encouragement in his audience. My father had too grave and noble a view of the function of preaching to allow himself to become a slipshod mouther of platitudes, on the plea that it was as good as his audience deserved. The villager had the best that he could give, and whatever might be the paucity of the audience, or the low level of its intellectuality, the sermon was the finished work of hard reading, clear thinking, and diligent labour.

The first impression I got about preaching was naturally, therefore, a very keen sense of its dignity, its seriousness, its importance as a species of brain-work. I have once or twice been blamed because I have spoken of preaching as a fine art: of course it is more than this, but where it is successful it can never be less. Very few persons know, or are likely to suspect, the long and arduous training which is necessary for the making of even a tolerable preacher, not to

say a great one. The sermon of a great preacher is the consummation of many forces, the fruition of many powers, the final result of immense preparation, which has covered years in its course. I did not see all this, of course, as a boy, but I got the hint of it from my father's habit of mind. I was not tempted to the fatal fluency which mistakes words for thoughts. I had no idea of running down to the Sunday-school at ten minutes' notice, and astonishing myself and distressing my audience by the brilliancy of my unpremeditated chatter. My father often used a curious phrase, "beaten oil for the sanctuary": by which he meant that a man ought to beat his thoughts out into the best form he could before he tried to utter them—and I felt that he was right. The tradition has lasted me all my lifetime, and I believe that I can conscientiously say, though I may often enough have failed, that I have never once preached when I have not done the best that was then possible to me. When I am tempted to scamp my pulpit preparation and trust to mere fluency, I always hear the admonitory echo of my father's footstep in the midnight study.

The result of this first impression was that I established a miniature study for myself, and began to toil over the preliminaries of preaching. I was fifteen, and my study was a closet with a narrow window. I got together all the books that were my own, and persuaded my father to rob his shelves on my behalf: purchased a small lamp and a hanging book-case, also a supply of copy-books, and began to write sermons. I waded through dull books like *Blair's Rhetoric*, and still duller books of systematic theology. I filled notebooks with all sorts of valuable information, which I straightway forgot. I stored my mind with texts of Scripture, and was soon in a position to prove any doctrine that Methodism permitted, and to expose the folly of all the heresies from the third to the nineteenth century. I read volumes of sermons, particularly Whitefield's, and stole their anecdotes and illustrations—when they had any. I wrote long and magnificent passages of declamation, which I secretly believed to be far superior to anything that I had ever read. I was fast becoming a dreadful little prig, and beyond doubt I should have been much better employed at the carpenter's bench. The first blow that killed the prig in me came from my own father. He required me to read him one of my precious orations. I mounted behind a chair and did so. I used one or two illustrations which I thought

superb, and I wound up with an anecdote which I had invented "entirely out of my own head."

It was not my fault. I would much have preferred an historical incident, but there wasn't one.

I wanted a striking situation, and my books of anecdotes could not supply it. Therefore I created

a dramatic episode, and made it realistically gory. When I had quite done,

my father asked me quietly where I had found that final anecdote? He also

made unpleasant inquiries about my illustrations in general. I hung my

head, and had the grace when I was alone to tear up my

precious sermons. The little priggish study became ab-

horrent to me. The smell of the lamp, by whose light I had

produced my rubbish, sickened me. I felt a passion for

fresh winds and green fields, and obtained a situation in

the country, which plunged me into the outdoor pleasures of farm-life, and kept me

walking and riding through one long, glorious spring and summer. By the time winter came again the fresh winds had blown all the theologies out of my mind, and I was a great deal the better for their loss.

I had lost the theologies, but nevertheless, I wanted to preach still. I had seen a good deal of farm-labourers and fishermen, for I was living in Cornwall, and close to the finest part of the North Cornwall coast. In Cornwall the sermon then held, and still holds, a great position. There is no race of men in the world, unless it be the Welsh or the Scotch, who are such keen listeners to sermons as the Cornish. The sermon is discussed in the mine and the fishing-boat, in the



*From a Photo by
MARTIN & SALLNOW,
416, Strand, W.C.*

MR. DAWSON IN THE PULPIT AT Highbury
QUADRANT CHURCH.

farm-kitchen and over the bench. It is the event of the week. A preacher of any power can easily rouse a whole country-side. A Cornish audience is the most emotional in the world. I have witnessed scenes of indescribable excitement in little Cornish chapels—shouts and tears, frantic gesticulation and ejaculation, waves of emotion which have passed over the crowd and wrought men and women into the wildest hysteria. The Cornishman himself is a born orator. Uneducated men, by sheer force of natural genius, often become great pulpit orators, after a rough and ready fashion. One of the raciest and most incisive orators I ever heard was a man who worked twelve hours a day in a coal-yard, and went preaching on Sunday. I knew some of these

men, big, handsome fellows, with plenty of shrewd judgment and quick emotion, and they would say to me, "Sonny, why don't 'ee try to preach a bit? Sure now, you, with your edecation could preach as well as we." But I was beginning to find out, what subsequent experience has abundantly verified, that "edecation" is the smallest of the preacher's gifts. I was too young to know all about the deep things of life, the ironies and sorrows and mysteries of existence, or to know the hard fight for bread that was waged in these white-washed cottages with the bright flowers in the window. But these men knew all about it. They knew where the strings of the heart lay, and could touch them at will. They spoke the picturesque dialect of the people, which I could not. Long afterwards I heard a fisherman say once, "We like Mr. So-and-so hereabouts; he speaks our sort of talk." There is a world of significance in the remark. There was a rough realism and pathos in the addresses of these men which I could not be expected to develop at sixteen; but I could and did make them my teachers. I learned more of the real art of preaching from these mellow-mouthed Cornish local-preachers than from anybody else. In fact, I had been cast by an accident into the very best possible environment for learning how to preach; and that man in the coal-yard (Joe Smithers was his undistinguished name) helped me more than all the colleges.

But the true determining impulse that made me a preacher came after all from no accident of environment: I found it finally in my own heart. I got converted—I can still find no better phrase. I should be inclined to-day, perhaps, to rationalize a little upon the event, but no sort of analysis could destroy the fact that something happened to me then which left a mark on me for life. If I tried to express exactly what happened, I think I should best describe it by saying that religion suddenly became real to me. A Divine flame ran through the imagination and the emotions, and lit up the whole life with a new strange radiance. Heaven and hell drew near and became realities. I had been trying to make sermons as a literary exercise, out of mere conceit and vanity, and for the sake of developing my own foolish cleverness. I saw now that preaching meant losing one's self—and particularly all one's miserable egoism—in the effort to help other people. I felt a strong desire to say something that would help sorrowful people to find the light in the clouds, and heavily burdened folks to bear their load with unconquerable courage. I felt also that to live the life of the soul, and teach other people to do it, was everything. I caught the ecstasy—sometimes the glad hysteria—of these Cornish prayer meetings. I was among a simple

people who really believed, who counted the earthly life as not to be compared with the heavenly, who faced the danger of the mine and the sea with the sincere and joyous exultation of men who knew that at any moment they might step into heaven, who walked the common earth as men in a dream, and saw starry visions and heard angelic voices. Then my tongue was loosened, and I preached—for now at last I had something to say, and the power of saying it.

Where and when was the first sermon preached? I don't count one or two abortive attempts with those elaborate flights of rhetoric, of which I have already spoken. I was permitted to try them twice upon a village audience, and that was enough, both for me and the audience. My first genuine sermon was preached at six o'clock on a Christmas morning, in a big Cornish chapel. I was just turned sixteen, and wore a school-boy's short jacket and turn-down collar. The pulpit was a vast box on four pillars, and I felt excessively lost and lonely in it. There were several hundred people present, and I was frightened to death. I climbed up on a hassock, and looked over the edge of the box, with the feelings a man might have who sees a crowd from a scaffold, and wonders in a dreary sort of stupor what they have all come for. But, as if by magic, when I began to preach my nervousness instantly vanished. I caught sight of my mother's face, and I can still see its radiant, tremulous glances of encouragement, through the mist of more than twenty years, and across the black chasm of a grave. My theme was the joy of Christianity, and I have been busy preaching on the same theme ever since. There are plenty of preachers to explain theology: I am still content to ring a bell of hope every Sunday, and try to persuade men that religion is true sanity, true joy, and the one abiding brightness of life. From that Christmas morning I became a preacher. When I left the pulpit, I saw, by the curious gleam in my father's eyes, that he was satisfied, and even quietly exultant. Since then I have walked hundreds of miles, and have preached to ploughmen and fishermen, as he did. I have even had the honour of walking as many miles a week as the rural postman, and preaching up and down the villages, for a wage only slightly in excess of his. It is the best way of becoming a preacher that I know of. It brings one into close contact with the common people, freshens one's blood and one's sympathies, and teaches the preacher above all the great lesson of adjusting himself to his audience. At all events, I make my personal acknowledgment that the only college that ever taught me homiletics was Cornwall, and my most efficient professor was poor, hard-handed, coal-grimed Joe Smithers.

THE MICROSCOPE, AND HOW TO USE IT.

By W. H. DALLINGER, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

I.—WHAT A MICROSCOPE IS.

It will be remembered that our purpose in these papers is strictly elementary. We are writing for those who have never possessed or used a microscope. Even by such it will be known that it is an optical instrument, embodying the use of lenses and mechanical arrangements in such a manner as to enable us to discover and study objects either absolutely or partially invisible to the eye without its employment.

The complex laws by which lenses are constructed and combined, and the elaborate principles and theory upon which images are formed and microscopic vision realized, lie at the base of the subject. For the exposition of these the student must look elsewhere; they involve for their practical mastery years of the closest study. A broad outline of what is indispensable must suffice for us.

A beam or ray of light is an arbitrary conception; it is convenient, nevertheless. We mean by it a line or shaft of light, which, it may be assumed, we are dealing with as though there were no other source of light.

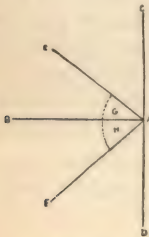


FIG. 1.

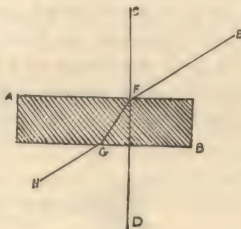


FIG. 2.

It is well known that light can be reflected, that is bent back. Let CD in Fig. 1 be a polished surface, such as a plate of silver. If a ray of light BA fall upon it at right angles to the surface, it will be sent back in the same direction; there will be no deflection. But if the ray falls obliquely as FA, it will be reflected, bent back from the point of incidence A, but always at a fixed angle, that is, an angle equal to that at which it fell upon the reflecting medium. Thus, if the incident ray be FA, the reflected ray is AE, and the angle G is equal to the angle H, or the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection.

But light is also affected in its transmission through transparent media. For illustration we may employ glass or water. Thus AB is a plate of glass. If CF be a ray of light falling perpendicularly upon it, that is at right angles to its surface, it passes through without deflection.

But if it fall obliquely as EF, it is bent towards the perpendicular CD, and that in proportion to the density of the medium through which it passes. Thus, EF is *refracted*, bent, to FG, and emerges again into the rarer atmosphere in a path parallel to that in which it entered.

The most careless must have noticed this in the constant use of water. Who has not observed that an oar appears bent as we get the image of its blade through water? A very simple experiment

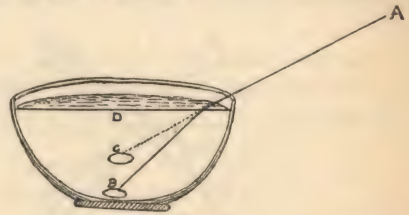


FIG. 3.

will prove the point. Let D, Fig. 3, be a diagram representing an ordinary basin or bowl. When such a bowl is empty, take a shilling, and by means of wax fix it as at B to the bottom. Then recede from the basin until the eye just loses sight of the shilling. If now some second person will carefully fill up the basin with water without disturbing the coin, it will become perfectly visible to you again. Let A, Fig. 3, represent the position of the eye when it has just lost vision of the shilling. The direction of the beam is AC, and so of course out of the range of the coin B. But by putting in the water, a more highly *refracting* (i.e., bending) medium than the air, the beam A is bent to B, and the eye sees the shilling at C.

Now this is a mere index of most important laws in optics, the laws of refraction. One of the most important factors with which the practical optician has to do in reaching results is what is known as the *refractive index* of an optical medium. To ascertain this accurately,

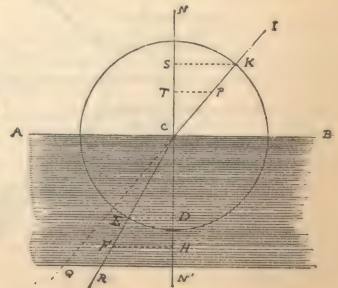


FIG. 4.

the incident ray must be treated as being in a *vacuum*. Every medium we know is *denser* than a vacuum, therefore into whatever medium

other than a vacuum an incident ray may be sent, it must be bent somewhat from the path of the incident ray. The sine of the angle of incidence divided by that of the angle of refraction is for the two media a constant quantity, and the relation between the two sines is known as the REFRACTIVE INDEX. Thus in Fig. 4, IC is a ray of light incident on the surface AB of water. The perpendicular NN' is called the *normal* to the surface AB. The ray IC does not continue in the dotted line to Q, but because water is denser than air, it is refracted to R, that is towards the normal. Hence the ray is not ICQ, but ICR, and the angle IC makes with the normal (NN') is the angle of incidence; and the angle RC makes with the normal (NN') is the Angle of Refraction, and the constant relation between the sines of these angles gives the Refractive Index of the medium.

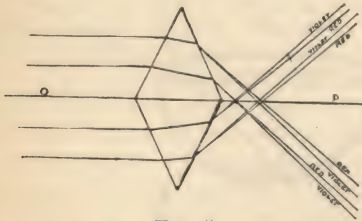


FIG. 5.

Now the importance of the *prism* in practical optics is very great. It is a piece of solid glass whose section is a triangle. Two such with their bases in contact are seen in Fig. 5. Theoretically a true optical prism is one whose three sides are perfect planes.

We have seen that the angle at which a ray is incident on a refracting surface is important. If we take two prisms, having equal angles so arranged that their bases are coincident, as in Fig. 5, parallel rays of light represented by straight lines on the left are seen, in passing through the

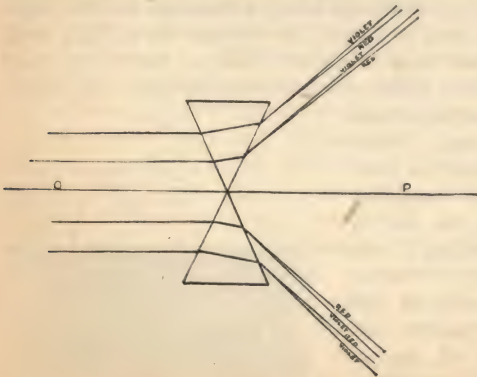


FIG. 6.

prisms, to be all variously refracted, save the centre one OP, and the result is that the emergent rays on the other side are brought roughly to a point or focus.

But if we reverse the prisms so that their apices are in contact instead of their bases, we obtain a reversed result, as shown in Fig. 6.

It is well known that a *lens* has two principal forms, viz., *convex* and *concave*; and they may be either plane on one side and convex or concave on the other, or both sides may be convex or concave respectively. What it is important to know is that such lenses are only *curved forms* of prisms in pairs, as shown in Figs. 5 and 6. Fig. 7 makes this plain; a section of a double convex and a plano-concave lens is shown in the diagram, and it is plain that in a broad sense they owe their properties to the properties of the prisms they so to speak enclose.

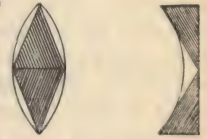


FIG. 7.

There is an important difference between the action of spherical lenses and prisms, which is due to the different positions of the "normals." On the plane surface of the prism they are parallel to each other; on the spherical surface they are radii, and never parallel; consequently parallel rays which are incident will not make equal angles with them. But we are teaching the broad truth as to how lenses act on rays of light.

Now every luminous body may for our purpose be supposed to comprehend an infinite number of luminous points, from every one of which a ray proceeds; and if such rays fall upon a convex lens, they are refracted, according to the laws roughly indicated. In that way on the other side of the lens an *image* at a fixed focal point will be formed. The images which lenses form are of two kinds, called respectively *real* and *virtual*.

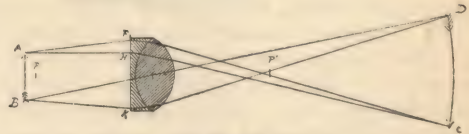


FIG. 8.

A real image is in fact the production of a picture by a lens which may be thrown upon a white surface as a picture. AB in Fig. 8 is an object; every point of its surface is sending off rays of light. If AF, AH, are two such rays radiating from A, then falling upon the combination of lenses FK, they are so affected on the broad principles already stated, that they emerge on the other side of the lens-combination in a converging state, meeting at C. So with all the rays issuing from every point along AB. Thus it is seen that not only an *image*, but an inverted image will be formed at DC.

A *virtual* image is illustrated in Fig. 9. The object AB is placed between the lens and the principal focus. By tracing the rays AF, AH, through the lenses, it will be seen that FH (say) enter the

eye, but the eye sees the image at the point where they focally converge, viz., at C.

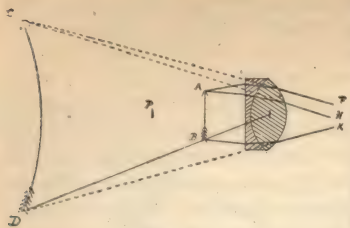


FIG. 9.

We may now revert again to our prisms. By careful examination of the diagrams 5 and 6, it will be seen that each ray of light as it emerges from the prisms is opened like a fan, and the sides of the acute angles so formed are marked "red" and "violet." We all know that every ray of light includes the seven "prismatic colours,"—the hues of the rainbow. Now these are variously refrangible by the same prism. Not only, that is, is the whole ray bent in passing through a prism, but it is "decomposed," spread out like a fan, owing to the unequal tendency to *bend* in their passage through the prism. The red ray is bent least, the yellow more, and the blue and violet most. The result is that a ray emergent from a prism falling on a suitable surface, gives in their order the seven colours so well known.

Now remembering that roughly lenses act like prisms, if we study Fig. 5 we shall see that in passage of the rays through the double prism, the blue element of the ray being most easily bent, comes to a focus *nearest the prisms*, and the red ray being the least refrangible, forms its focus at a more distant point. Thus we have a focus for every element of the spectrum. This causes what has been long known as "chromatic (or colour) aberration," and explains the rings of colour seen round objects examined with uncorrected or badly corrected lenses. The action of a lens in regard to this will be seen by reference to Fig. 10. A,

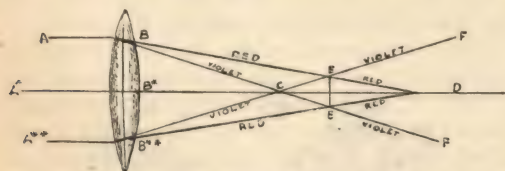


FIG. 10.

A', A'', are rays of light. In falling into the lens they become not only bent to a focal point, but "decomposed," so that the violet elements of the ray are (from their higher refrangibility) brought to a focus at C; while the red rays are not brought to a focus until they reach D, crossing the violet rays at E E. If we throw the image upon a white screen at C, violet will predominate, and if the screen be placed at D, red will prevail, ruining the perfection of the image by coloured fringes.

Clearly, then, these multiplied coloured foci between C and D are fatal to the production of a perfect image.

What was required, was to *achromatise* the lenses employed, in other words to denude them of their colour foci.

Now on the principles generally indicated above, by using glass of different densities or refractive indices, combining lenses of various forms and optical combinations beautifully related to each other, what is known as an *achromatic* system of lenses has long been known; but this did not *wholly* free the optical instrument from colour. The so-called "secondary spectrum" remained; but during the last fifteen years a new "optical metal" has been devised and employed on principles laid down by Dr. Abbe, of Jena, which removes this secondary spectrum, and so frees the lens-combination from all colour. This lens-system is known as *Apochromatic*.

But there is another difficulty to be overcome in the construction of lenses. If we look through a glass globe filled with water, we see that it magnifies; but the object, say a flat linen surface, is strongly coloured, and the image, so far as it is seen, is very markedly *curved*. A perfect lens must show a *flat field*—there must be no curvature anywhere in the image.

Curvature arises because the rays which pass through the marginal portion of a lens do not come to the same focal point as those which pass

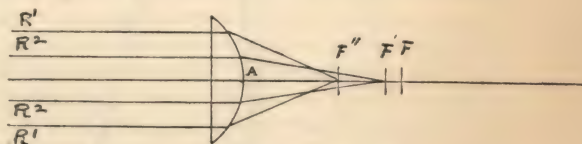


FIG. 11.

through its central area. Thus in Fig. 11 the marginal rays R^1, R^1 , fall upon the lens A. These rays are brought to a focus at F'' , the more central rays, R^2, R^2 , at F' . This is known as *Spherical Aberration*; a fatal fault; but this can



FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

be "corrected" by utilizing the properties of light and lenses. Fig. 12 shows a combination of lenses which gives perfect results. All the rays are brought to a common focus. In Fig. 13 it is not so, the combination has been "under-corrected;" while in Fig. 14 we have an illustration of an "over-corrected" system.

Now microscopes are "simple" and compound. The simple microscope acts on the principle illustrated in Fig. 9. But it is the compound microscope with which we are concerned.

Its main features are (1) a lens-combination accurately "corrected," which will form a perfect optical "image" of a minute object; this lens-combination is called the "objective" or object-

glass: and then of a second microscope called an eye-piece, to magnify this object again, and send it into the eye. The operation of a modern compound microscope is illustrated in Fig. 15. The image is at F; the objective is seen in skeleton at O. This, in the way already described, forms an image at A B. E is the skeleton of the eye-piece which *magnifies* the image A B, and throws it into the eye, and the eye seeing along the line of light which it receives, perceives the magnified image at C D, where the rays converge to a focus.

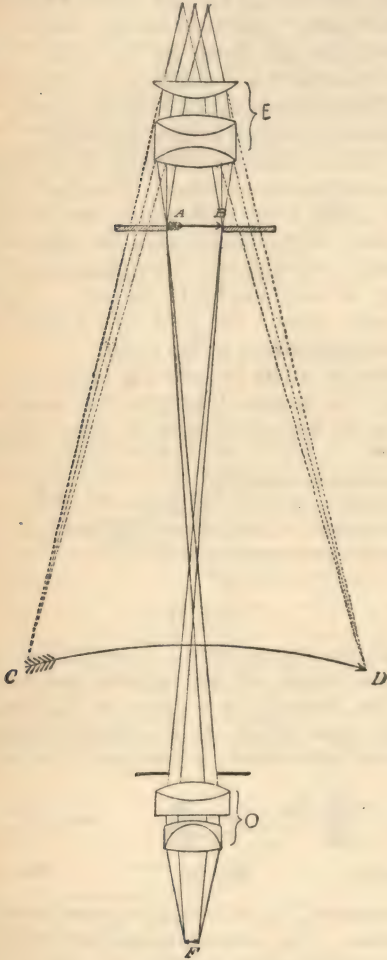


FIG. 15.

A microscope, then, is an optical combination allied to a mechanical arrangement, that with ease and perfection enables us to do this with any object, objects, or parts of an object that we may desire to examine.

Now of microscopes there is a bewildering multitude, of every form, size, and price; I shall try to indicate in a practical way, which of the most modern of these commend themselves to me, on account of (1) their practical efficiency and good workmanship, (2) on account of their

model, and (3) on account of their price, as being such as may be compassed by the readers, for whose guidance these simple chapters are written.

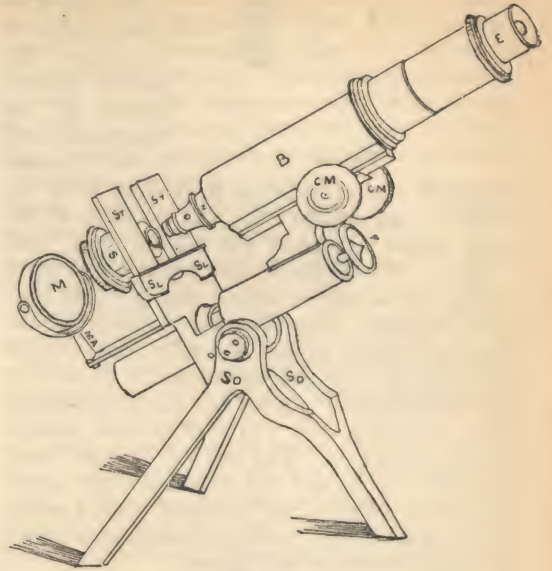


FIG. 16.

The more efficiently to do this, I will point out the principal parts of a microscope, and briefly compare one of the most complete that can be manufactured, with such a microscope as I propose for my readers.

Fig. 16 represents a simple instrument, suit-

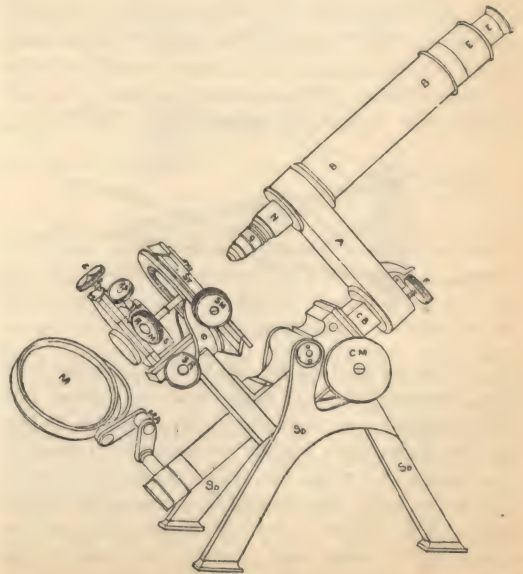


FIG. 17.

able in every way for a beginner, and of service for many years for the intelligent amateur. I put beside it Fig. 17, which represents the

Highest class of microscope I know, being the large No. 1 stand made by Powell & Lealand, and, of course, extremely expensive. The lettering in both is alike; in Figs. 16 and 17, *SD* is the stand; it is a tripod with a broad base. There is no other safe way of securing the desideratum for a microscope, viz., steadiness. The form adopted on the Continent, and so much affected in some English schools, employs weight—a hollow horseshoe filled with lead—to secure this end. It is clumsy, and totally wanting in the mental faculty of design; but it does not accomplish its purpose, for although dead weight does secure clumsily a certain stability, it is not all that is wanted, because this form of stand tilts laterally with a fatal readiness. The tripod of Powell has stood the test of fifty years, and should be adopted on the cheapest instruments. *BB* is the body or tube, to this the principal optical elements are fastened. *N* is the nose, which with a standard screw-gauge receives the objective *O*. At the other end the eye-piece *E* is placed capable of sliding in and out.

In Fig. 17, *A* is the arm connecting the body with the metal framework, which is swung by pivots on the tripod. This arm is the ideal method on many accounts, chiefly because it affords the most perfect means of obtaining the "fine adjustment." But to be perfect it is expensive, and can rarely be adopted in low-priced instruments. The more usual, and now very useful method is indicated at *F*, Fig. 16. At one time this method was intolerable, because every vice a "fine" adjustment could have was inevitable to it. But since the invention by Messrs. Swift of a fine adjustment, which they have patented, and the further device by the Rev. J. Campbell of a differential screw for this purpose, this form of microscope has done good service for less expensive stands.

Now in all good instruments there are two adjustments of the optical parts, which enable the worker to obtain accuracy in focussing. The first is the *coarse adjustment*. In Fig. 17 this is a rack and pinion on the bar *CB* worked by the "milled head" *CM*. In Fig. 16 it is simply a draw-tube, that is the tube of which *E* is the top slides telescopically in *B*.

But when greater magnifying power is used, more delicate arrangements are required, and in Fig. 17, *F* is the head of a delicate screw, which,

by a lever, acted upon within *A* slowly raises and lowers the nose *N*. The same result is accomplished by the screw head *F*, in Fig. 16. Thus very delicate adjustments of focus are obtainable.

In both Figs., *ST* is the stage; that is the platform on which the object rests for examination. In Fig. 17 it is complex, possessed of exquisite arrangements for securing control in the movement of a delicate object while under examination; and called a *mechanical stage*. In Fig. 16 it is perfectly simple, but with every arrangement for enabling the hand to train itself for doing the work of endless screws and pinions; the slide *SL* working smoothly and evenly to raise or lower the object, while its lateral movements are secured by the trained fingers. *M* is a mirror, plane on one side, and concave on the other. *MA* is the mirror arm, more complex and adjustable in Fig. 17; upon this depends the illumination of the object, either by reflected daylight, or preferably, lamplight.

But accurate illumination involves more than a mirror. Modern objectives in their best form approximate perfection; but their new qualities are only brought out by the efficient illumination of the object. This is a large subject, but it means that nearly all objectives ought to be illuminated by an optical combination beneath the object, and between it and the mirror, approximately constructed on the same principles as the objective employed. For this purpose a *sub-stage* *S* (Fig. 16) is used. In its best form it is seen in Fig. 17 (*S*), where it is capable of being racked up and down accurately by the screw head ("milled head") *SR*, and of having the centre of the optical combination fixed in *S* brought into incidence with the optical centre of the tube *B* by two screws of which *C* is one: and also of being rotated on its own centre by the milled head *RS*. The long milled head *RM* will give rotation when required to the entire mechanical stage.

But for the purposes of the amateur, the fixed sub-stage (*S*, Fig. 16), if well made, will answer every purpose; and by the right use of all these parts beautiful and instructive results will reward the earnest mind, who will take one-tenth of the pains to understand and practise their employment, that he would be compelled to take to master the management of a bicycle or a bat.

To triumph in Christ over joy and prosperity is as difficult as over grief and pain.—J. SMETHAM.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into peace.—RUSKIN.

Now that the cycling season is commencing, and men are looking about for a comfortable and serviceable machine, it is well to remember

that we practically owe the popular "safety" to Mr. J. K. Starley, the inventor of the "Rover." The tall "ordinary" bicycle is now almost obsolete—the swift and compact little "safety" is seen everywhere. We believe the latest pattern of the "Rover" is about as near perfection as we are likely to get for a very long time. We are afraid to say how many records have been broken on the "Rover."

DOCTOR DICK: A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

*Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail,"
"Her Benny," etc.*

CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCIDENT.

TREVANION was in one of his quiet moods that morning. Job started several topics of conversation, but without success. He spoke of the weather—an ever-fruitful theme of conversation—and how, with the advent of May, April weather had returned, with brilliant sunshine, sudden showers, and boisterous gusts of wind; he spoke of the rise in the price of tin, and how things were "looking up" generally throughout the mining districts; he spoke of the large congregations at chapel on the previous day, and of the "terribly rousing sermon" they got at night; he spoke of the "Temperance movement," which was just then a good deal talked about: hoping to get Trevanion to say something about himself, but all to no purpose. Either he was too interested in his occupation, or else too absorbed with other matters he did not choose to discuss. Certain it is, that, with the exception of a brief yes or no, he was absolutely silent.

Job gave up the attempt at last, and for a full hour the work of measuring joists and planks, and cutting them into lengths, went on in silence. But though slow of utterance, speech was almost necessary to Job's existence; sometimes he even thought aloud. And so, more from force of habit than any expectation of getting information, he broke the silence by saying,—

"Curious nobody can find out who that young woman is, ain't it?"

"What young woman?" Trevanion asked, with sudden interest.

"Why, her as have come to live at Ivyholme. Ain't you heerd 'bout her?"

"I've heard nothing. Who is she?"

Job laughed. "That's what all the St. Ural folks be dyin' to know," he answered; "but it seems to be a secret past finding out."

"Has she been here long?"

"Fortnight or more; but nobody seems to know no more 'bout her now than when she came. Mrs. Beswarrick, and Gracey Grig, and Ann Sleeman, and Tamsin Cobbledick, and all the rest ov 'em have been tryin' their best, but 'tain't no 'count. She's a perfect mystery, they do say."

Trevanion dropped his axe and smiled.

"She must be a curiosity," he said at length, "for those women would worm all the State

secrets out of the Prime Minister if they could get hold of him for a week."

"Ay, and they'd get all the secrets out ov her if they could once nail her," Job answered; "but that's what they ain't able to do."

"Skittish, is she?"

"Oh, I don't know 'bout that. But she seems a cut above 'em, and there's nobody to introduce her as it were, and Miss Tabitha's terrible close."

"Some relative, most likely," Trevanion answered, picking up his axe again.

"Nothing of the sort," Job answered dogmatically. "Miss Tabitha ain't got no relatives. Think she could live here all her life without people finding that out?"

"Well, it hardly looks probable, certainly."

"Nor possible, neither."

And then the conversation flagged for several minutes. To get the first joist into its place was a rather ticklish business; the rest would come easier. Once get standing room above the inky water, and the construction of the sollar would be a straightforward business.

At length the beam was got into its place, and Trevanion stretched himself preparatory to "straddling it," as he said, for the purpose of wedging it tight at the other end.

"And this stranger is young?" he questioned reflectively, as though speaking to himself.

"Ay, and purty."

"Is she little?"

"Quite a mite, my wife says, and wears pinchers."

"Then I've seen her."

"You have?"

"Ay, twice. But the women are quite right; she's a cut above the folks hereabouts." And Trevanion slung his axe across his shoulder by means of a cord, filled his pockets with wedges, stuck his candle to his hat, "straddled" the joist, and began to edge himself across to the other side by a method of locomotion that may be imagined but cannot be well described.

When he had covered half the distance, he paused for a few moments, as if to familiarize himself with the novelty of his position. Below him the ten fathoms of black and icy water shone like a mirror in the candle light, and above him the shaft seemed to narrow like a funnel, till a small round hole marked the surface, and through which the daylight stole and climbed timidly down for six or seven fathoms.

"Now, Doctor, be careful!" Job called from the tunnel in which he stood. "If you over-balance yourself you'll get a colder bath than you like."

"Never fear," was the reply. "I could go to sleep on this beam;" and he threw his head back and looked up the narrowing shaft.

"What do you expect to see?" Job asked, with a laugh.

"The windlass," was the reply. "I wonder what those fellows are after, for there's not a sign of it yet."

"If they fix it by to-morrow or Wednesday it'll be quite time enough," Job answered. "Everything we want, can be got here easier through the adit level. Besides, we don't want stones dropped down on our heads while we are making the sollar."

"Right, as usual, Job," Trevanion answered cheerfully, and he jerked himself along the remaining length of the beam till he reached the end, and then began to block the hole in which it rested. This took him about a quarter of an hour, and then he prepared to return. Once more slinging his axe across his shoulders, and fastening his candle to his hat, he began to jerk himself leisurely backwards across the gulf, the cold waters of which were close to his feet.

Half-way back he paused again, and then something happened: but what it was he had not time to think. He fancied he heard a shout as of several voices far above him, followed by a faint scream, then a rush of wind swiftly past him, accompanied by a shower of pebbles and earth. Then something struck him on the shoulder, overbalanced him, pressed him down; and the black water opened its icy mouth and shut it quickly over his head, and he felt himself sucked down and down into the dark and horrible depths, where he supposed he would float and rot, like a dead dog, till time should be no more.

Job, who was busy sawing a plank half a dozen yards back in the level, hearing a noise and a splash, rushed forward, to find that his comrade had disappeared, and that something bearing a strong resemblance to a wrecked umbrella was floating on the surface of the water.

Meanwhile, on the surface there was not a little excitement and consternation. The two men who had been sent by Captain Tom to erect a "takle" or windlass over the mouth of Granby's Pit, were rushing hither and thither in a state bordering on frenzy. According to their statement, they had been busy all morning levelling the breast of the pit, and getting things in readiness for the erection of the "takle," which had been sent over from St. Ural Consols, and was now lying among the furze not a dozen yards from the pit's mouth.

Crib time, however, having come, they had dropped their tools and had retired some little distance away to the shelter of a hazel grown hedge, so that they might eat their "pasties" in comfort, for the wind was boisterous, and occasionally charged with a heavy splash of rain.

They had nearly finished their meal—in fact, Jan Probyn's pasty had entirely disappeared, and he was busy charging his pipe, when his comrade, Jerry Beer, looking up, saw a solitary figure advancing towards them.

"Hullo, Jan! who comes here?" Jerry remarked, with his mouth half full of pasty crust.

Jan paused, leaving a string of tobacco between his pipe and pouch, and raised his eyes in the direction indicated. "Cap'n Tom's little maid, I expect," he said indifferently, "goin' down to the Bäl, I expect, to see her father."

"Git away, Jan," his comrade remarked. "Captain Tom's maid ain't only a girl, and this is a young woman."

Jan raised his eyes again. "Ay, she's got long skirts on, an' her hair done up, ain't she? You're right, Jerry, 'tain't Mary Rosevear."

"I know'd that very well," Jerry answered, with an air of superior penetration. "The question is, who is she?"

"Well, Jerry, if you don't know, don't ask me," Jan answered, with a laugh. "You are supposed to know all the young women in St. Ural. I'm gettin' too old to be interested in sich matters."

"I don't know this one, any road," said Jerry; "but blame me if she ain't amazin' purty. I wonder if——"

"Hadn't thou better shout to her," his comrade said, between whiffs of his pipe, "not to go too near the shaft?"

"Think she is blind?" Jerry questioned scornfully.

"No, but the fence has been taken away, and the wind——"

But Jan did not finish the sentence. Jerry set up a great shout, "Ahoy there, hold hard!" and instantly rushed forward in the direction of the pit's mouth, but he was too late to render any service.

The young lady had hoisted her umbrella when close to the shaft, to screen herself from a sudden shower of rain, the next moment a violent gust of wind caught her and spun her round like a top, and before she had time to cry out she had disappeared down the gaping mouth of the shaft.

The whole affair was so sudden, that Jerry stopped short, as though paralysed, whilst Jan let his pipe drop from between his teeth, and stared open-mouthed at the black spot where the young lady had disappeared.

Jerry was the first to recover himself, and started again for the shaft.

"Come back, thou fool!" Jan called, rushing after him; "doesn't thou know the shaft is as bevel-mouthed as a bell, an' there's nothin' to hold on to?"

Jerry evidently did know, and drew up in time.

"We caan't do nothin'," said Jan, coming close up to his comrade; "whoever she is, she's as dead as a tombstone by this."

"Are 'e sure that she went into the shaft?" Jerry asked, with a bewildered look in his eyes. "It's all been so sudden that I don't feel sure 'bout nothin'."

"Ay, she went into it, safe enough," Jan answered; "where else could she go?"

"Blest if I know; there don't seem to be no place where she could hide, an' yet I caan't bear to think of a purty little maid like that, hurried out of the world in a jiffy: dead an' buried all to once, as it were."

"No, it ain't pleasant," said Jan; "but it's fact all the same."

"An' are we to stay here like a couple of moonstruck boobas, doin' nothin'?" said Jerry.

"What can us do?" queried Jan; "if we'd had the takle up I might have lower'd 'e down to the bottom, to see what had become of her."

"Nobody ain't wanted down to the bottom," retorted Jerry. "Job an' the Doctor are down there somewhere; hadn't we better slip down the hill to the level, and help 'em to carry her home when they fetch her out?"

"We don't know where her home is, or who she belongs to," said Jan; "hadn't we better find that out first?"

"I reckon I know who she be," the other answered. "She ain't one ov the St. Ural girls, that's a dead certainty; so you may depend 'pon it, Jan, she's the stranger with the curious name that everybody's been talkin' about for the last week an' more."

"Jerry, I b'lieve you're right," Jan answered. "Strange I never thought of it before. I'll run

(To be continued.)

on to Ivyholme an' tell Miss Tabitha," and he started off at a trot, but at the end of a dozen paces he turned and came back again.

"No, Jerry," he said, "I caan't do it. I caan't bear to carry bad news, there now."

"Then I'll go myself," said Jerry. And he ran a few steps and then stopped short. "Here come Cap'n Tom an' the boy Joe," he said, and he hurried off to meet them.

Ten minutes after that, not only Miss Tabitha but all St. Ural knew what had happened; and a stream of people from all points of the village might have been seen moving swiftly downwards towards the mouth of the adit level. The night-core men, roused from their sleep, quickly joined the procession, while the school children, let loose for the dinner hour, kept their elders company.

Jerry and Jan were so besieged with questions, that they would gladly have escaped from the crowd if that had been possible. There was only one opinion expressed respecting the fate of the stranger. That she might be got out alive seemed altogether beyond the bounds of possibility.

It seemed a sad fate for one so young, so fair, and a stranger amongst a strange people. The only redeeming feature in the all too painful circumstance was, that now something might be made known respecting the history and antecedents of the winsome and bright-eyed stranger. Miss Tabitha's tongue would surely be unloosed now, and they would get to know what they had been dying to discover for the last fortnight.

So they hurried on, men, women, and children, with intent and eager faces, and gathered round the mouth of the tunnel, and waited and listened and wondered.

Captain Tom, it was said, had gone underground to assist Job and the Doctor. Strange he did not return, stranger still that no sound travelled down the dark and echoing level.

Getting impatient at length, some of the men procured candles, and hurried up the tunnel themselves on a journey of exploration.

YOUNG men should read the complete story in *The Young Woman* for March by Mr. S. R. Crockett, author of *The Stickit Minister*. They will greatly enjoy it. Amongst the many attractive features of this number we may mention an illustrated interview with Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of *The Daily News*, a very lively article on "Ladies' Men," by Miss Friederichs, some reminiscences of Jenny Lind, by Rev. H. R. Haweis, and other contributions by Mrs. Josephine Butler, Dr. Gordon Stables, Miss Willard, Mr. W. J. Dawson, Mrs. Oliphant, etc. (Partridge & Co. 3d.)

The Home Messenger for March has an article on "Husbands and Wives," by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, a story by L. T. Meade, a new portrait of Miss Willard, a fully illustrated account of "A Winter in Canada," and other papers by Rev. A. Rowland, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, etc. (Partridge & Co. 1d.)

THOSE who want an easy and simple system of shorthand should get the "*Swiftograph*" *Self-Instructor* (2s.), from Jarrold & Sons, Warwick Lane, E.C. Eighteen theological students at the Headingley Wesleyan Training College, Leeds, were able to grasp the whole system in one hour.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

IT is a comfort to receive such a letter as *R.L.'s*, because it is manly. I receive so many letters that are mere petulant upbraidings of fate, that a letter from a man who accepts a hard lot in a manly spirit is a refreshing novelty, and is worth notice. For *R.L.* there are certain physical reasons why he should not marry, and to these are added other considerations of a family nature. He knows enough of physical law to recognise that marriage might involve a heritage of weakness for his children; and beside this, his appointed place in life seems to be that of a second father to his younger brothers and sisters, and the stay of the home to his widowed mother. But he does not murmur: he accepts his lot with cheerfulness. His example should be stimulating to many others whose lot resembles his. There is no worse selfishness and no greater act of treachery against society than to marry with the certain prospect of propagating constitutional weakness and disease. It is a hard lesson, but one which science has made imperative. Christ spoke of those who were unmarried for the kingdom of God's sake, and he who is celibate for such reasons as *R.L.'s* is really celibate for the kingdom of God's sake. For what is the kingdom of God? It is a kingdom of righteousness which is set up upon the earth, a society out of which selfishness has been purged, a society in which the commonweal has replaced the personal pursuit of happiness, and the individual is gladly subordinate to the race. It is only as this ideal is accepted that any golden age is possible; and to sacrifice one's own pleasure for the good of others will always remain, not merely the great lesson of Christianity, but the indispensable condition of all civic service and social growth.

* * *

There is a remarkable book of short stories called *Renunciations*, by Mr. Wedmore, of which it may be said that this is the dominating note. The chief story is called *A Chemist in the Suburbs*, and there are few more notable pieces of writing in recent literature. In Mr. Wedmore's hands the short story becomes the finest form of art: he writes with a curious reticence, an unaffected simplicity which has all the charm of subtlety, a delicate and delightful touch which makes his work memorable, and gives it a distinct place among the work of the new writers. But his moral standpoint is the most remarkable thing in this exquisite book. The chemist in the suburbs knew love once, and knew in the same

moment that it was not for him. He quickly renounced it, and retired to a little shop in Islington. He had lost the main interest of life, but he still had interests, and these he fostered and made sources of pleasure. He cared for art, for music, for fine china: he had a delicate appreciation of beautiful things, and, as far as he could, gathered such things round him. He made no complaint: he simply accepted his defeat with courage, and collected his forces that he might suffer and endure with dignity. That is all the story, but it is very suggestive, and it teaches a lesson which young men may learn with advantage. Some of us have to be defeated in this life. We cannot all draw prizes, but we can remember that outside the lines of personal experience there is a wide realm, not wholly destitute of beauty, where we may live at least with usefulness and serenity. We can make friends of books: we can cultivate the intellectual life: we can find many interests which may draw our minds out, and teach us to forget our inward smart. Christianity substitutes for personal happiness the happiness of working for the good of others, and thus building up the kingdom of God and His righteousness. The man who does this can never be really unhappy, nor can he really be defeated: he is enfranchised of a larger world, and breathes an ampler air, and has within him a secret spring of joy that never fails.

* * *

Another lesson in the art of living, which is suggested by several of the letters that lie before me, is the need to take high views of life and its possibilities. We are more likely to perish by despondence than pride, by humility than vanity. One of the great temptations of youth, especially in great cities, is discouragement. The first glow of life, when a youth feels that he can do anything, is often succeeded by a bitter sense of his own insignificance and inefficiency. He is made to feel that in the great stream of life he is a person of no account, that he can be easily replaced, that at the best his chances of advancement are slight, that he will never move very much above the position at which he begins life. Nowhere is this experience painted with more poignant fidelity than in the second part of Mark Rutherford's autobiography. Mark Rutherford tells us how deeply the iron entered his soul, how ribald tongues assailed his ears in the city office, how he was made to feel by a thousand slights and insults that he was merely a poor drudge, with no sort of claim to any

consideration. But he tells us something else. When he went home at night he entered a new world. He left the badge of his servitude behind him with his office coat. As soon as he reached his own room he was once more a self-respecting man, who thought, and felt, and aspired—a scholar who knew the friendship of books, a thinker who could keenly enjoy the intellectual life. This is the natural remedy for the despondence of the youth who finds that he is chained to some mechanical drudgery, from which there is little present opportunity of escape. You can still possess what Mr. Henley finely calls your “unconquerable soul.” You need not be a drudge in spirit. It is a hard fact to admit, but nevertheless it is a fact, that very few persons ever find precisely the sort of employment which thoroughly interests them, and makes a constant call upon all their powers. In the minute subdivision of labour which is the ruling principle of modern business, it will more and more happen that the work which falls to any one man will be but a mechanical fraction of the whole, and that after a while he will work automatically and with no fulness of interest. When a man made a whole shoe, his work was interesting; when he spends his life in cutting soles, his work is automatic and has no effect in developing his powers. All the more reason, therefore, to find other avenues for the energy of the mind: to take high views of life, to live the life of the soul and the mind, and so to have resources in one's self that keep at bay the harpies of despondence.

* * *

T. H., who asks the familiar question as to the influence of Carlyle, will find that among all the writers of our age there is no one so well qualified to brace and inspire youth as Carlyle. The influence of Carlyle has never been more felicitously described than in a recent paper by Professor Huxley, who says that in his early manhood he took Carlyle as a tonic. That is precisely the effect of Carlyle; he is like a strong blast of moorland air, blowing over the flats of literature, and no one can read him without realizing a quickening of mind and moral energy. The source of this power in Carlyle is plain; beyond every other writer of our time he took a high and noble view of man. He saw him always in relation to the immensities and eternities, and treated him as an essentially great and noble being. Witness his splendid eulogy of the “peasant saint,” and his constant reverence for the lowest forms of honourable labour. It was this reverence for man which explained Carlyle's attitude toward science. We all know how he vituperated what he called Darwin's “gorilla damnifications of humanity”: and ethically he was right. Man does not need to

be told of the depth from which he has sprung, but of the height to which he may rise. We need to hear less about the descent of man and more about the ascent, for what we grow to be is of far greater importance than what we have grown from. The youth who takes a high and serious view of life will find his own reward in the new interest which life will possess for him: and the more interests we cultivate the better will our work be done, because the fresher will our powers of thought be kept.

* * *

Those correspondents who ask for information on the historic growth and claims of Christianity cannot do better than read Dr. Fairbairn's *Religion in History and in the Life of To-day*. Like all Dr. Fairbairn's books this is a masterly work, the fruit of sound scholarship, of wise thought, and of a patient study of the social problems of modern life. It consists of a series of lectures delivered to working-men in Bradford, and is admirably adapted for its purpose. Nothing is better worth study in the book than the condition of labour before Christianity began its work. In Ancient Rome all work was done by slaves; the Roman citizen did not work because he thought work disgraceful. Out of a population of 1,600,000, there were no fewer than 900,000 slaves—three-fifths of the whole community. The slave had no civil rights. At any moment he might be slain at the caprice of a cruel master. One Roman citizen was accustomed to feed his fish with his slaves; of another we read that when a friend desired to see what death was like, he instantly ordered a slave to be killed for his amusement. It is not too much to say that nowhere on the globe to-day, unless it be in some darkest realm of Darkest Africa, is there such inhumanity to man as Rome practised in the very height and apex of her imperial glory. Dr. Fairbairn shows conclusively how Christianity changed all this. Jesus, Peter, and Paul, all worked with their hands. Christianity, with a divine originality, proclaimed the value of man as man, and taught the sacredness of life. I have no space to do more than indicate the nature of this book, but I have said enough to prove its value. Any youth who is infected by doubts of the divinity of Christianity, and whose doubts have been fostered by the cheap and shallow criticism of ignorant comrades, cannot do better than read this book with care; for within a small compass, and in popular form, it puts the case for Christianity with consummate skill and force.

* * *

I have been much touched by the letter of J. B. L., and I quote its substance because it is probably representative of many similar cases. He began life well passed examinations creditably,

and had a bright prospect. He used to be a teetotaler, and loved study. Now he can hardly pass a public-house without entering it; he cannot settle down to study; if he reads at all it is the commonest trash, and his prospects are clouded. Surely comment is needless, and it is clear that there is only one remedy. The man who takes to the public-house deliberately plants his feet in the road to ruin. There is nothing that so disturbs the brain functions, that so wastes the mental energies, and makes continuous concentration of the mind impossible, as alcohol. I have rarely said a word about total abstinence in these columns. I say now, and with deliberation, that every young man ought to be an abstainer. In later life conditions of health may arise when the wise use of alcohol as a medicine is imperative, but these conditions very rarely occur in youth. It has been proved again and again that for all feats of endurance, athletics, cycling, football, mountain-climbing, abstinence from alcohol is absolutely necessary. It is equally beyond question that for all forms of continuous brain-work, particularly the examinations which are associated with the entrance to the arts and professions, total abstinence is almost an imperative condition of success. The old tradition that the Alpine climber needs brandy, and that the literary man writes most brilliantly when he has a bottle of wine beside him, as Schiller had, has entirely vanished. The Alpinist now trusts to cold tea, and the literary man does his work in the morning, when the brain is cool and the energy fresh. These are physical facts, as amply proved as the law of gravitation. *J. B. L.* "wants to get to the top" of his profession. Then, my dear fellow, once more become an abstainer. There is no other way. You are only twenty-five—the very prime of youth, and there is time to pull up and retrieve everything. If you fail to do this, at thirty you will be a ruined man. Avoid the public-house as you would the devil. Cut yourself free by one determined effort. There will follow, no doubt, some weeks of physical and nervous misery; but in three months your brain will regain all its energy, your books will once more attract you, and you will be able to complete your examinations. Be a man.

* * *

BRIEF ANSWERS.—*Quandary* should advertise in the columns of a literary journal, such as the *Athenæum* or the *Academy*. It is not easy to find an entrance into the publishing business without previous training.—*Alice* would find it useful to write out carefully a synopsis of every book she reads. It would be still better to read the book in company with some friend, and exchange thoughts about it. Conversation is the best stimulus to thought. Don't be discouraged at your seeming dulness. There are many ways

in which dull people may serve the world well. Some of the best people I have known knew little about books, but they had graduated with honours in the school of kindness.—Can't *D. E. P.* find a schoolmaster who would give him a few lessons in the art of book-keeping in the evening? Failing this, write to any respectable bookseller to procure you the best guide to book-keeping.—*M. E.* will find that Prov. xxiii. 1. is simply a warning against gluttony, put in the strongest form of oriental metaphor. In teaching children it is imperative only to choose such parts of the Bible as are within the scope of their apprehension.

* * *

Mac. should take the list of books in the *Reading Circle* of THE YOUNG MAN for 1893.—*W. T.* can get the books he names by sending a list to Mr. H. R. Allenson, 30, Paternoster Row, E.C., who will acquaint him with prices and editions. *T. H. B. (R. Nelson, N. Y.)* I have no doubt whatever, that your interpretation of Paul's doctrine of marriage relationships is right, and the passage you quote from Mrs. H. L.'s book is foolish and pernicious rubbish. Marriage simply could not exist on her basis. A man's own sense of right ought to instruct him sufficiently on such matters.—*P. W. M.* need not be alarmed. Live temperately, bathe frequently, get all the fresh air you can, keep the mind fully occupied, and nature will right herself.—If *Millan* is now in a state of sound health, there is no earthly reason why he should not marry.—*Ora et labora* will find that Ruskin's works are dear. Lately, however, a relatively cheap edition has been published; all particulars can be obtained from any good London bookseller.—*Fair.* There is really no other way but to go on sending your stories to the editors until some one of them relents and gives you a trial. Be sure of it, every editor is on the look-out, and is only too glad to find a new writer of promise; and as soon as you write a really good story, you will find your market.

* * *

C. H. O. The Science and Art Department of South Kensington will recommend you the best handbook, if you will apply to the secretary. I believe *Cassell's Technical Educator* to be good.—Success to you, *E. W.* The Address on Reading, by Mark Pattison, is referred to in John Morley's Essay on Pattison, which is included in his *Miscellaneous Essays*.—*W. H. H.* There is a good deal of information on Tennyson to be found in A. H. Waugh's *Study of Tennyson*, Mr. Jennings's *Life*, but particularly in Mr. Knowles' paper, which appeared about a year ago in *The Nineteenth Century*.—*Art Student* (Glasgow) will know that by "the one far-off divine event" Tennyson meant the final restoration of all things, and the universal redemption of man. One of the key-notes of *In Memoriam* is undoubtedly universalism.—I cannot answer the question of *R. A. X.*; it lies outside my knowledge. But surely the information can readily be gained from any mine manager.—There are one or two happy phrases in the lines of *L. C. R.*, but there is much to be learned yet; persevere and cultivate your gift by the study of the masters.

A RUSH THROUGH THE STATES.—II.

THE next stage of my rush through the States was the 900 miles run on the Columbian Express of the Pennsylvanian Railway, starting from New York at 9.20 a.m., Philadelphia 11.20, and reaching Chicago at 10.30 a.m. next day. These long-distance expresses, travelling at fifty miles an hour across the newly settled or partially settled prairies, and stopping only at the big towns, are surely the most magnificent trains in the world. Consisting wholly, or almost wholly, of Pullman cars, each car known by a distinctive name, the interiors are lofty and spacious, superbly upholstered, and lighted with large and massive lamps of polished brass swaying from the domes. At the end of the train nearest the engine is the smoking room, furnished with easy arm-chairs and tables, and at the other end is the observation or drawing-room car, also furnished with easy chairs and a small outside platform. Next the smoke-room is the kitchen, and next to that the dining-car, with tables spread as neatly, and menu cards printed as tastefully, as in any first-class hotel. Negro servants in white jackets, and wearing white gloves, attend each table, and would, after the soup, put all or nearly all the succeeding courses on at once to the order of the diner, unless specially directed to serve them in the European manner. Water in tumblers, half-filled with ice, is served as a matter of course with each meal, and in hot weather is very delicious, whether healthy or not. A passenger may, if he chooses to pay for it, engage a section of four seats, *vis-à-vis*, for himself and family or friends. Each car has ample lavatory accommodation, and at night each section is made up into two beds, one above the other, and fitted with heavy curtains, ensuring complete privacy. The little inconvenience of undressing and dressing on your bed, with the roof barely four feet high, is rather amusing than otherwise. It was really quite interesting, on waking in the morning, to draw the blind, and see the sun rise on the vast prairie, dotted at wide intervals with the wood houses of the settlers, the more substantial homesteads of the settled, and the villages rapidly growing into towns. I was somewhat concerned to find, as daylight advanced, a gold watch and chain dangling from the side of the roof of my berth. It undoubtedly belonged to the sleeper in the compartment above, who I knew was accompanied by his wife. I could not, therefore, take it down and pass it up to him. To leave it dangling there, to allow it to fall, and remain where it fell, to take it down and "take care" of it, with the possibility of the owner missing it, and inquiring for it, were all courses reasonably open to suspicion. So, happy thought! I rang for the negro servant, and directed him to

tell the upper berth of the position of his watch. I saw it carefully drawn up.

The journey was full of interest. It was not difficult to get into conversation with fellow-passengers, but it was difficult to convince them that this semi-reclaimed prairie land, with its coarse herbage and stunted trees, and half burnt stumps, as relics of old ones, had a charm all its own to the Britisher. They could, however, and did appreciate the grandeur of a prairie fire seen at night as the huge train thundered on through the apparently trackless darkness. The fire was at a distance, but one could see the vast, broad sheet of flame lapping and licking as it devoured all before it, and one could imagine the scuttling terror of the wild animals trying to escape.

Other wonders of the night were the blazing of natural oil wells in one part of the journey, the blazing of natural gas issuing out of the earth, and in another part of the journey the demoniacal ranges of great iron forges at red heat. By day all the way from Philadelphia the train ran through lovely country, laden with foliage of the hues I have attempted to indicate, and watered by beautiful rivers one never even hears of on this side, such as the Juniata, and by others that we do hear of, and are glad to see, such as the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the Ohio. Then come the glories of the Allegheny Mountains, vast ranges of hills clad with forest timber, with here and there a rocky gorge, and here and there a verdant plateau. Beyond Altoona—so named, I presume, from its situation on the crest of the Alleghenies—is the famous Horse-shoe Curve, a triumph of engineering skill, around which the train glides like a serpent. The mammoth locomotive, weighing, it is said, 110 tons, as against 60 of the British locomotive, is reduced to low speed, and ploughs along armed in front with the romantic-looking cow-catcher, intended to throw out of the way, or carry off, anything that comes in its track on the quite unprotected road. At the big stations the express is usually in the middle track, and passengers to and from the station have to cross the other tracks. The proceeding seems odd to us with our platform ways, but the Americans are accustomed to it and to look after themselves. A great bell on the locomotive tolls as the train arrives as a warning, but no signal is given for the start beyond a quiet "All aboard," which I confess I never heard.

A notable phase of American life and institutions is the ever-present rivalry and jealousy between one city and another, and in a lesser degree between one state and another. Said a plain elderly lady to me on the balcony of the grandest of the grand hotels at Chicago, "Why,

the streets of Boston are only that width," extending her palms not quite so wide as her arms would have admitted as a suggestion of the crampiness of *Bostonian* thoroughfares. "You should see our city hall at Philadelphia." I said I had had that honour, and never saw a grander. Wherewith the lady was satisfied, and we parted good friends. It would have served no useful purpose, and would only have led to controversy, had I told her the fact that an elderly gentleman and his wife on board the *New York* had invited me to be their guest at Boston, just to see for myself what a charming place it is. The people of Chicago are not a whit behind the others in boasting of their city. And with reason. A thousand miles away from the eastern sea-board and two thousand five hundred from the western, this city of the Lake (Michigan) has a water traffic through the series of inland seas and rivers equalling in tonnage that of the ports of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston combined. My informant, a leading gold and silversmith of the place, threw in London and Liverpool as well, wherewith I mentally but firmly drew the line. Certain it is that from a population of 5,000 in 1837, the city has sprung up to a population of 1,500,000, and a trade of £300,000,000 per annum.

It is no part of the plan of this sketch to dwell on the World's Fair, now a matter of history, though that was the ostensible object of my trip; but I may say that the grandeur of the buildings, the variety of their contents, and above all the spectacle of the three hundred thousand people there on the day after Chicago day, were all fully equal to expectation. The direct loss to the original guarantors of the gigantic enterprise will, I should think, be indirectly recouped by the millions of extra dollars which must have been left in the town by the hundreds of thousands of visitors who flocked there. The city itself is a vast hive of industry. The people swarming in streets, shops, and at hotels and restaurants, appeared to be all of the working class, with little or no admixture of the leisured or languid element. It was, however, the popular time of the fair. The "blocks" of houses in the principal streets are huge buildings of white brick and stone, ten, twelve or more stories high. A law, I was told, has recently been passed to prevent the erection of structures of more than eighteen stories in height. It was characteristic of the place that the people, though on pleasure bent at that time, all appeared to be busy, except perhaps when packed 5,000 strong on the Columbus steam boat, conveying passengers on Lake Michigan from Chicago to the Exhibition. An American gentleman, an estate agent at Minneapolis, whom I met casually on the electric railway, chummed with

me, and showed me about the Exhibition. We dined together at the "Old White Horse Tavern" in the grounds in English fashion, just for the sake of the old country. He told me where to find a good cheap coffee house in Chicago, and there I went next morning and fared sufficiently on light rolls and butter and bowl of coffee for fivepence. It was a spacious place, and the refreshments were served by negro servants on an extensive mahogany counter in front of which the customers stood or sat perched on high stools. Both the women, at a separate counter, and the men seemed to affect pastry and fancy bread with apple sauce and other sweet-looking compounds, and I failed to get anything much more substantial. "You ask for Vienna roll when you come again. That's what I have," said a young sprig of a telegraph messenger perched next me. "How do they do these things in the old country?" he asked, with interest. "Not nearly so nicely as you do here, but rather more substantially," I replied, with dim and distant recollections of chunks of bread or hard rolls, butter nearly as hard, and coffee thick as treacle, and pale blue milk. "Well, when you come again, you ask for Vienna rolls." I promised him I would, and if ever I am in Chicago again I will keep my word. Interest in the "old country" runs strong among these Western people. One of the commissioners of the World's Fair told me that one of the greatest attractions there was the collection of historical English medals belonging to Mr. ex-Sheriff Walter Harris, of London. It is an amazingly go-ahead place. I do not know how many trains, or hundreds of trains, run in daily from all quarters; but I was struck with the number of tracks as the Columbian express rolled in an hour and a half late. She had had to swoop over a ninety miles loop line in the night because a keg of gunpowder had blown up on a goods train in front and killed some tramps. The rails, even within a few miles of the town, are unprotected, and run quite close to the doors of the houses.

It is impossible here to give an account of the wholesale pig-sticking at the principal pork depôt of Chicago, where they slaughter and prepare for market thousands of hogs daily. But I may say it is not a literal fact that the live animal goes in at one end of a machine and comes out at the other pork, sausages, bristle-brushes and saddles. Amongst the peculiarities of the city I noticed a "hair grower's" shop, where you were free to enter and see the brushing of young ladies' hair, presumably grown on the establishment, and reaching literally from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet. Here is an announcement which I copied from a very fine shop window: "Miss Blank, expert corset factor of Her Majesty's corsets, is now here in our

mammoth Corset Room, second floor, to explain the many reasons why Her Majesty's corsets are the best in the world."

On leaving Chicago, to return by the "Limited" express of the Pennsylvanian, I took a cab at a reasonable rate rather than lose sight of my luggage. It was, however, wrested from me at the station, and taken out of ken, leaving me with the "check." It is only necessary to say that this famous train excelled in comfort and luxury even the Columbian Express. Parties wishing to be private had special sitting-rooms in the train, to be transformed at night into bedrooms. There was a stenographer and type-writer to take down and transcribe your letters for you and post them on board the train. Financial intelligence was received by telegraph at the stations, and fixed in the smoking room. There was a barber's shop and some excellent bath rooms. I alighted at Altoona to branch off to visit Mr. E. Kitson, Manager of the Edison Electric Lighting Company, at Bellefonte, in the Allegheny Mountains. Having obtained a permit, I visited the railway locomotive works at Altoona, and saw the giant engines in process of construction. I was assured that of the 3,000 employes, 2,000 were owners of the houses they lived in, and absolute poverty is unknown in the town. Longing, after days of more or less luxurious living, to lunch off simple bread and cheese, in as plain a place as I could find, I wandered through the town. Situated as it is high in the mountain range, it is necessarily hilly, and I should say necessarily healthy, though the streets are unfinished, and there is a lack of completeness about the place. At two public-houses, or saloons as they are called, no bread and cheese were to be got. I was directed to a third, a very plain restaurant. There, seated opposite a man who might be a storekeeper, I learnt from him that the land in the neighbourhood had been largely bought up by English capitalists, notably Lord Fox, who lived at Foxville. I told him we had, I believed, a few noblemen of that nature, but I did not remember one of that particular title.

From Altoona to Tyrone, and then on a branch line to Bellefonte, to meet another warm and homely welcome. The streets of this little town, of I should imagine not more than 5,000 inhabitants, are as yet in the rough, but the place is lighted throughout with the electric light, which even the hurricane that swept through the Alleghenies scarcely affected. Next to the charms of fraternal and social association, I shall ever have a pleasant remembrance of a real luxury in the purest, brightest, coolest, clearest water I ever drank or saw. The morning bath suggested bathing in champagne, not unduly iced. The place was happily named by

Lafayette "Bellefonte," or the beautiful fountain. I saw that fountain, and drank with high satisfaction of Nature's nectar as it bubbled up pure from the earth. Within ten miles of the village are wild deer and bear, which I was pressed to stay and shoot.

The journey of some few hundred miles northwards to run over into Canada and have a look at Niagara, was all the way in ordinary trains from 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., inclusive of a two hours' break at Williamsport, noted for having been in danger of being swept away by a flood some little time ago. The storekeeper where I took some oysters seemed to take it for granted that I knew all about this flood, and that it was at least as notable an event as the Chicago Exhibition. At a "restaurant" which proved to be the bar saloon below a big hotel, I got into conversation with the barman, who very frankly told me the only difference in the food I should get there and in the hotel above was the price. So after lunch we chatted, or rather I talked and he emphasized conversation with expletives and expectorated with diverse but always unerring aim at some selected object. While we were talking a dandy-looking young negro, the head waiter in the hotel above, came in and told with great chuckling how he had overcharged a party three dollars. I being a mere restaurant passenger talking with the barman was regarded as a person of no importance. Conversation in the train with a railway workman travelling to a conference tended to show that perfect contentment is no more reached in America than elsewhere, though the fact that I saw two of the railway men going for a day's "gunning" over other people's land seemed to show that personal freedom stands rather high.

It was half-past twelve at night when I went alone in the omnibus over the Suspension Bridge below Niagara Falls, and could hear the roar of waters above that of the hurricane still raging. A homely welcome at the Clifton House Hotel in Canada, a homely supper and a homely bed were all very welcome. Next morning I met, and at their kind invitation chummed with, the Australian cricketers, and with them saw the Falls. It is the correct thing to be disappointed at first with these vast cataracts, and I am afraid I was no exception to the rule. The spectacle was so exactly like what one had seen in pictures and panoramas, and so exactly realized what one had read, that one wastempered to say, or rather to think, without expressing the heresy, "Is this really Niagara?" The first thought is that with the vast volume of water in the river above the falls nature might have made more of the rush over the rocks. A small voyage right into the foam of the cataract, on the tiny steamer *Maid of the Mist*, did much to

remove the first impression, and I am sure had time permitted one to stay and go under the Falls and reflect on them, the vastness of the wonderful spectacle would have grown and grown and grown. People are said to sit and gaze until fascinated and stupefied. I should certainly like to stay there a week. The voyage home across the Atlantic in the *Paris* was enlivened by good company, including several

Americans of note, by a concert in the second class saloon and another in the first class, and by the publication of the *Paris Gazette* printed on board. We arrived at Southampton as punctually as an express train, not sorry to reach old England again, but feeling that one's life was enriched with delightful and most interesting and instructive recollections.

J. PULLAN.

OUR READING CIRCLE COMPETITION.

EXAMINER'S REPORT.

THE attempt made by the editors of this Magazine to establish a "Reading Circle" last year, while it has by no means turned out a failure, has not been so completely successful as was hoped. Judging from the correspondence which has been received, the articles have been widely read, and a greater interest in the good things of literature has been awakened; but, if we are to judge from the papers sent in for examination, the number of careful and systematic readers has not been large. Under these circumstances, I do not feel quite justified in recommending the editors

of THE YOUNG MAN to award the full amount of the prizes first offered. Of the papers sent in, three stand out as decidedly superior to the rest, and they are of exceedingly high, though not equal, merit. They are as follows:—

(1) John Calder, Iona Place, Mount Florida, Glasgow; (2) Joseph Closs Mantripp, Hall Road, Reepham, Norwich; (3) William Llewellyn Jarvis, Bay Street, Mumbles, Swansea. To these, then, are awarded books of the value of £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 1s. respectively.

GEORGE JACKSON.

OUR DINNERS FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.

THE almost arctic weather which we experienced early in the New Year and the terrible scarcity of work have made our dinners for ragged children more than ever acceptable. We give some rough thumb-nail sketches of the Guildhall dinner, with an excellent sketch which we are permitted to reproduce from *The Daily Graphic*. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed, and we are much indebted to the clever hand-bell ringers from the Stockwell Orphanage and the excellent brass band from Dr. Barnardo's Homes for their lively selections of music. Miss Edith Hands sang sweetly as usual, and the conjuring was an immense success. The speeches, too, were as bright as they were brief. Alderman Treloir reminded his hearers that the Queen and other Sovereigns had dined in that historic hall, though he did not suppose their Majesties made so much noise when the plum puddings appeared. He hoped that something of the kind would take place in the Guildhall every year, and this wish was lustily echoed from a thousand throats. The Lord Mayor expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present. *The Daily Chronicle* said, "Never, perhaps, did the ancient Guildhall of the City contain a happier gathering than the waifs and strays of the metropolis who last night assembled within its walls at the invitation of the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN and THE YOUNG WOMAN, whose readers subscribed the funds necessary for providing so large a company with what was to them, to all intents and purposes, a state banquet, and seldom have Gog and Magog looked down upon guests who did more justice to the donors of the feast. The eagerly expectant guests arrived in a very orderly manner, but the first

contingent certainly had none of the wan and wasted appearance of veritable gutter children. They were soon followed, however, by the real article, the miserable little urchins from Bow being probably the first invited diners to put dirty feet, innocent entirely of shoes and stockings, under the Guildhall 'mahogany.' Some of the little faces bore the most touching evidence of neglect and want, and many appeared to have been long strangers to even necessary food. Much of the clothing was in the most wretched condition, and might not inaptly be described as rags tied together. The young eyes lighted up as they entered the brilliantly illuminated chamber, and as they wandered swiftly over the well-filled tables, a smile of satisfaction was visible. Others seemed almost too ill and weak to enjoy a good meal, nevertheless it was observed that they acquitted themselves nobly. Some idea of what such a feast really means, may be gathered from the fact that 950 lb. of beef and ham were cut up, that 150 large plum puddings, giving a share of about 1 lb. to each child, were provided, together with 1,500 rolls and two barrels of apples." The arrangements were most skilfully carried out by our good friend Mr. Kirk, the Secretary of the Ragged School Union.

Other dinners have since been given at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and in many of the poorer districts of London. On behalf of all the thousands of hungry and ragged children who have been warmed and fed and entertained, we offer our readers sincere and cordial thanks.

The following contributions were received between December 20 and February 3.

Received up to Dec. 20th, and acknowledged in our Feb. No., £149 12s. 2d.; D. J. W. G., 1s. 6d.; Johnstone, Alice, col. by, 7s. 6d.; Stockwell, G. J., col. by, 5s.; M. A. E. (W. Norwood), col. by, 6s. 6d.; Senior, Arthur, col. by, 3s.; Owen, B., 4s.; Selhurst Road Congregational Church, per Miss Franklin, 13s.; Gray, Miss Georgina, col. by, £1 3s.; Meison, Miss J. E., col. by, 2s. 6d.; K. F. (Aberdeen), col. by, 5s. 6d.; Nettle, Ada, col. by, 1s. 7d.; Sutton, Ellen, col. by, 2s.; Johnson, Robert, col. by, 6s. 9d.; R. M. (Beverley), 1s.; Dalton, Miss E., col. by, 10s.; Gale, L. C., col. by, 3s.; Newby, J., col. by, 2s. 6d.; Small, Miss Edith (Paris), 2s. 6d.; Annand, Miss M. F., col. by, 5s.; Johnson, Henry, col. by, 5s.; H. S., col. by, 1s.; Knox, Sarah H., col. by, 7s.; Husband, J. H., col. by, 5s. 6d.; Oates, W., col. by, 1s. 6d.; Cook, Ethel, col. by, 1s. 6d.; B. G. (Glasgow), col. by, 11s.; Finn, Emma S., col. by, 4s.; Rhodes, H., col. by, 4s.; Lennard, Prudence, col. by, 3s.; Morris, Kate, col. by, 3s. 6d.; For Christ's Sake, 5s.; Lover of little children, 1s.; Waldron, Miss, col. by, 3s. 3d.; Coggins, May, col. by, 3s.; Croft, J., 2s.; Reader of *The Young Woman*, 2s.; Heyworth, Nettie and Eddie, col. by, 6s.; Cymro, Jack, col. by, 11s. 6d.; East, Reggie, col. by, 2s.; Southey, Mary, col. by, 11s.; Yeatman, Catherine, col. by, 6s.; Hunt, Miss, col. by, 3s. 2d.; Hick, Mabel, col. by, 4s. 6d.; Carlton, Alice T., col. by, 2s. 6d.; Two Friends, 2s.; Bell, Miss Annie, 2s.; Holdsworth, Mrs., col. by, 8s.; Friends at Fareham, 7s.; Friend, A., 1s. 6d.; Esslemont, Peter, col. by, 1s. 6d.; Gardiner, W., col. by, 11s.; Willatt, Mr. M., col. by, 6s. 6d.; Hunter, Chas., col. by, 10s.; Lush, Miss H. E., col. by, 6s. 2d.; L. E. N., 1s.; Benning, Joseph, 1s. 6d.; King, Miss L. M., col. by, 9s.; Mother's Mite, A., 1s.; Reader of *The Young Man*, 1s.; Maine, Miss S. M., col. by, 5s.; Morgan, D. J., col. by, 3s.; Fagan, Walter, col. by, 2s. 6d.; Hunter, Bertie, col. by, 4s.; Youngs, F., col. by, 8s.; Pratt, S., 5s.; Winson, Miss, col. by, 2s. 1d.; Windham, Nora, col. by, 2s.; E. C. (Wimbledon), col. by, 2s.; M. C. I. R. (Kilmalcolm), col. by, 2s. 6d.; Friends at U. M. F. Church, Hindley Common, per J. Gouldon, 14s. 2d.; Wallace, Mary, col. by, 7s.; Wallace, Ella, col. by, 1s. 5d.; Carr, George, col. by, 2s. 11d.; Pearson, Margaret H., col. by, 7s.; Payne, Martin, col. by, £2 13s. 6d.; Friend, A. (Dollar), col. by, 5s.; Bird, Miss, col. by, 6s.; Phillips, Miss Flora, col. by, 14s. 6d.; Skelly, Mrs. J. B., col. by, 5s.; Jenkins, Miss L., col. by, 4s.; Sale, W., col. by, 15s. 3d.; Summit Mutual Improvement Society, 5s.; King, E.

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THE LORD MAYOR ADDRESSING THE CHILDREN.

OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

FOOTBALL as it is played in the States is fraught with even more peril to life and limb than it is in England. During the last season, besides the numerous instances of rib-breaking, limb-fractures, and other serious injuries, there were at least five conspicuous cases of young men who lost their lives immediately or almost immediately by playing football. Nothing could be more shocking than the game between the Toledo High School and Adrian College, in which Carew, of Toledo, downed to save the ball. Three of his comrades at once dropped to aid him, but in an instant more the Adrian team was upon them, and threw its combined weight upon Carew's head with so much effect that, when the struggle was over, the young man's neck was found to be dislocated. The *Hartford Courant* reports a similarly shocking casualty occurring in the game played at Farmington, Conn., in December last. Nearly all the fashionable people of Farmington were present as spectators, and this was the description furnished by the *Courant*, of what they saw.

"The heavyweights landed on White, who sank to the ground. A muffled, inarticulate sound was heard, and White was felt to be limp. When the men finally separated a most horrible sight met their eyes. White lay on the ground in a crouching position, face down, with his head bent on his chest, evidently lifeless. The young women on the benches screamed with horror, and many fled from the field. The unfortunate player's face made all who saw it shudder. It was livid and discoloured as if by strangulation, and it had staring, sightless eyes, and a protruding tongue."

It is unnecessary to reproduce to any further extent the casualties which have resulted from the atrocious methods of this game. The *Philadelphia Press* claims that the number of young men who have been, directly or indirectly, killed in football matches in America this season is considerably more than the number of men killed in a whole season of bull-fighting in Spain; and the *Toledo Bee* states that more people are injured in football games, in proportion to the number engaged in the sport, than in railroad wrecks, or in any of the other forms of disaster. The *Washington Post* suggests that before the next season opens, a congress, representing the several athletic societies, and the various college teams should be convened to determine upon a body of rules applicable to all athletic sports, and which should be especially directed toward the exclusion of brutality and the punishment of all violent manoeuvres likely to inflict injury.

ADVERTISING ON THE CLOUDS.

In these days of electrical miracles nothing seems beyond the reach of the inventor's calculations. That men should say they would throw images against the clouds is no wilder than many things that have been attempted. Men listen to the wise talk of scientists, marvel and

doubt. It was so when Louis H. Rogers first mooted his idea of a cloud projector. Yet his idea of a gigantic lantern which should project words and pictures upon the clouds is an accomplished fact. Rogers' cloud projector is now fixed upon a platform ten feet square and eight feet high upon the roof of the *World* building in New York. The apparatus weighs about 3,500 pounds. It consists of a drum and outrigger, resting upon a circular base. Almost in the centre of the drum is the lamp. It is peculiarly placed, and that is one of the secrets of the invention. It gives the results of a sixty-inch reflector. It is arranged for 150 amperes, and it has the illuminating energy of 1,500,000 candles. No man can look upon it with unprotected eyes; it would burn them. This light has an arc of four-eighths of an inch. The heat of the burning carbons exceeds 50,000 degrees. When images or characters are to be projected, brass stencils are used. These are of the same diameter as the drum lens, the rays of light pass through this lens and through the stencil to the projecting lens, which is on the end of the outrigger. It is this objective lens which casts characters upon the clouds or buildings. In the absence of the clouds, the projectors can be thrown on surrounding buildings. The steam, which issues from steam pipes, offers another suitable screen. In fact, any body or substance possessing reflecting qualities, within range of the beam of light, will act as a good screen on which to throw images, which from their brilliancy and size, present a startling and weird appearance to the beholder.

SNAP-SHOTS.

"Ocean greyhounds' get that name because they are not tarryers."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"The chap who wears gaudy ties is something of a neck-romancer."—*Boston Courier*.

"Theatrical people ought to be good; they are repeatedly being prompted to do the right thing."—*Youker's Statesman*.

"It doesn't make much difference to barbers how hard times are. Even in the best of times they have to scrape for a living."—*Philadelphia Record*.

PASSING PARAGRAPHS.

Charles K. Harris, the Milwaukee musician, who pleads guilty to having composed "After the Ball," was married the other day.

Col. Ingersoll says that as long as we love we hope. It seems to me, however, that it depends a good deal upon the attitude taken by the girl and her parents.

In the Government departments at Washington about one-third of the clerks are over fifty years old, and fully half are over forty, while about ten per cent. are over sixty. There is one clerk who is over ninety, six who have almost reached that age, thirty-three between eighty and eighty-five, and sixty-six nearly eighty.

TONY CRANE.

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Telegraphic Address: OPENEYED, LONDON.

The Editor cannot hold himself responsible under any circumstances for the return of manuscripts.